

NOVEMBER No.58

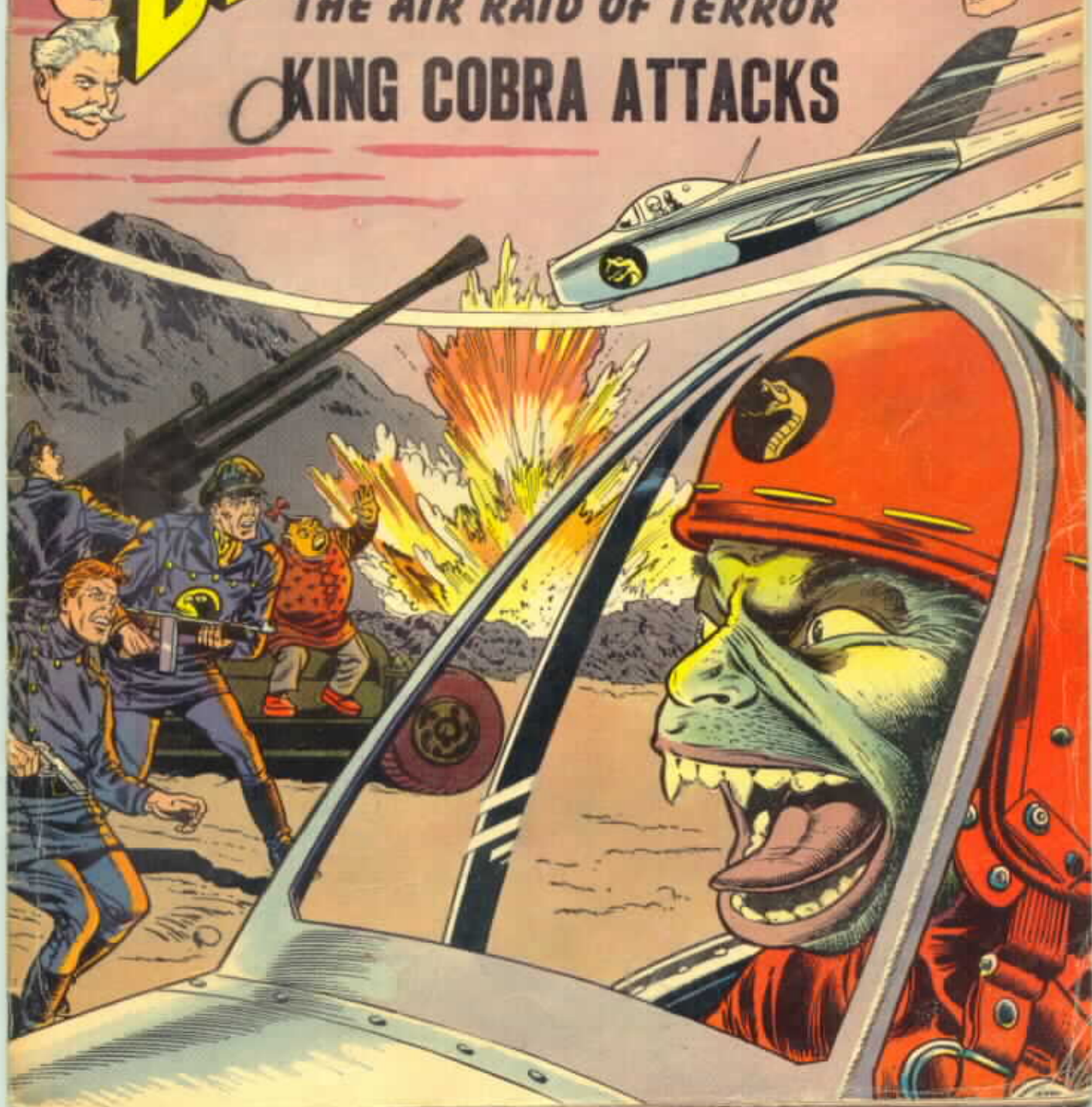
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BLACKHAWK

THE AIR RAID OF TERROR
KING COBRA ATTACKS





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

BLACKHAWK

EVERYWHERE PILOTS MET THEY SPOKE IN HUSHED TONES OF A DREAD RED AIR ACE WHO CALLED HIMSELF... **KING COBRA!** UNDISPUTED KING OF THE AIR, HE STRUCK LIKE A SNAKE, BRINGING FEAR AND SUDDEN DEATH! UNTIL, AS IT WAS BOUND TO HAPPEN, **BLACKHAWK** HIMSELF CHALLENGED THE RED ACE! BUT, THEN SOMETHING HAPPENED ... SOMETHING SO ASTONISHING, SO UNUSUAL, THAT EVEN **BLACKHAWK'S** OWN MEN SAW WITH HORROR THAT THEIR BELOVED LEADER WAS **DEFEATED BY...**

KING COBRA!



IN THE DEMOCRACY OF GREGONIA, THE FAMED BLACKHAWKS ATTEND AN EMERGENCY COUNCIL MEETING...

GENTLEMEN, WE'RE ALL HERE BECAUSE OF SECRET INFORMATION OF A POSSIBLE SNEAK ATTACK BY THE FREE-LANCE RED AIR ACE WHO CALLS HIMSELF **KING COBRA!**



"HE STRIKES LIKE A SNAKE, WITHOUT WARNING, DEMORALIZING CIVILIAN RESISTANCE, PAVING THE WAY FOR A RED REVOLUTION!"



"AS A SKY FIGHTER, KING COBRA IS ABSOLUTE POISON! NO PILOT HAS EVER LIVED AFTER CHALLENGING KING COBRA!"

KING COBRA STRIKES!



BUT HERE'S THE PUZZLER! KING COBRA'S JETS ONLY CARRY THE NORMAL FUEL SUPPLY FOR SHORT RAIDS BUT WE'VE NEVER FOUND THEIR AIR BASE!



PERHAPS THEY COME FROM AIR-PLANE CARRIERS, BLACKHAWK?

WE'VE CHECKED, BUT NEVER FOUND ANY! THE KING COBRA SQUADRON MUST HAVE COME FROM A FARAWAY PLACE, BUT THE QUESTION IS... HOW CAN THEY TRAVEL LONG DISTANCES WITH A SHORT FUEL SUPPLY?



SUDDENLY...

LOOK! A SQUADRON OF PLANES!

MON DIEU! REGARD ZE INSIGNIA ON ZE JET FIGHTER SPEARHEADING ZE DRIVE! IT IS **KING COBRA!**

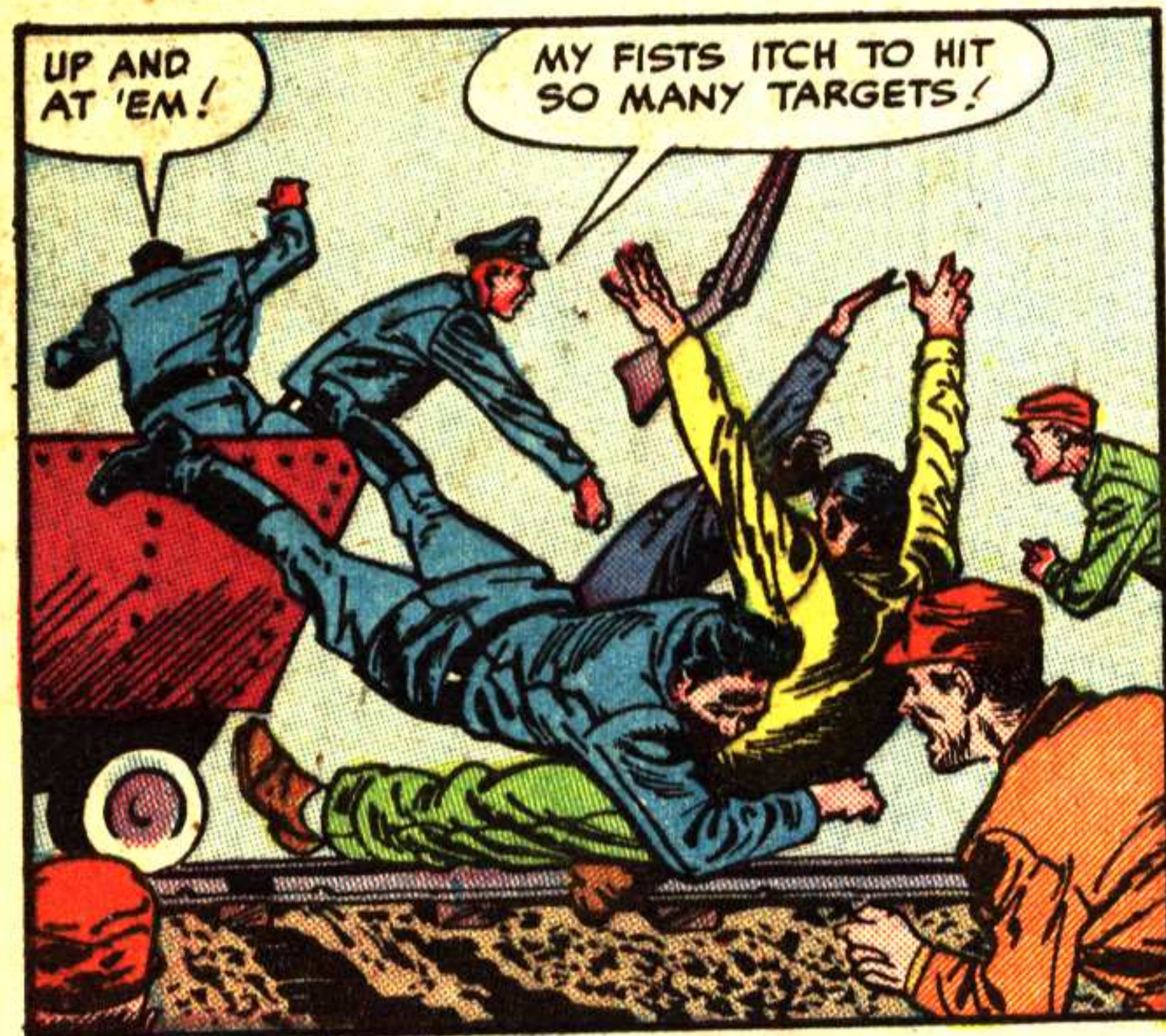
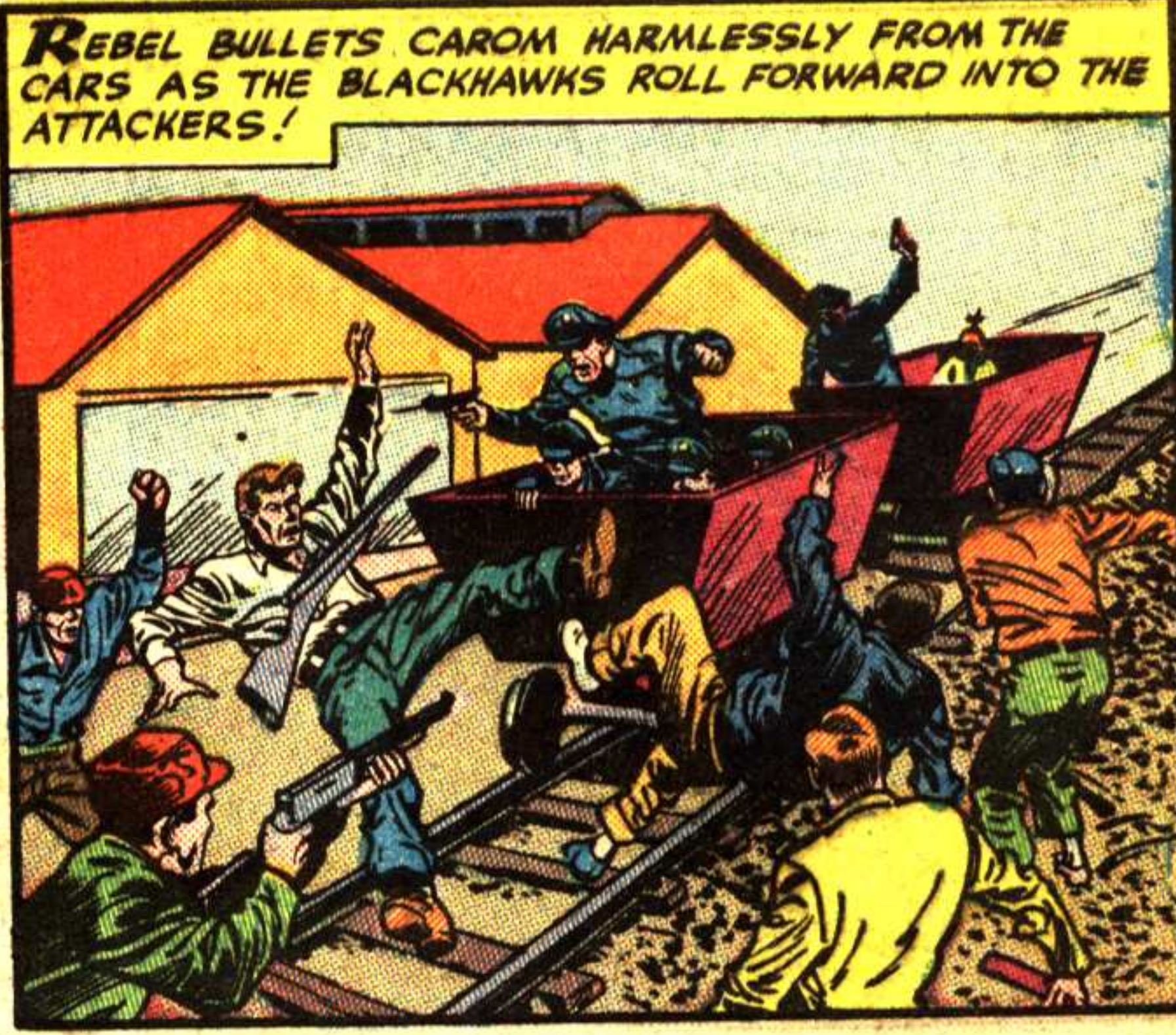


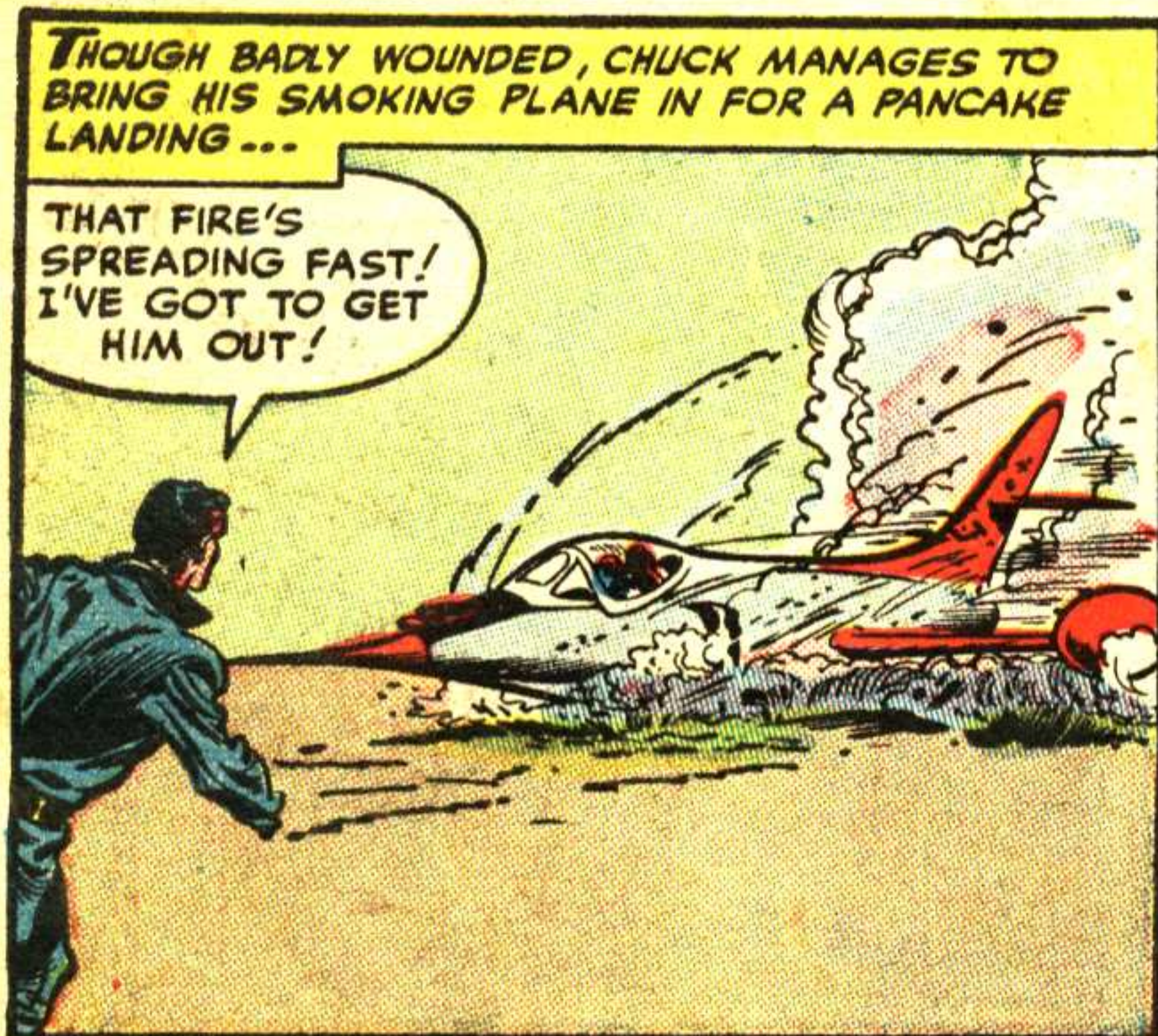
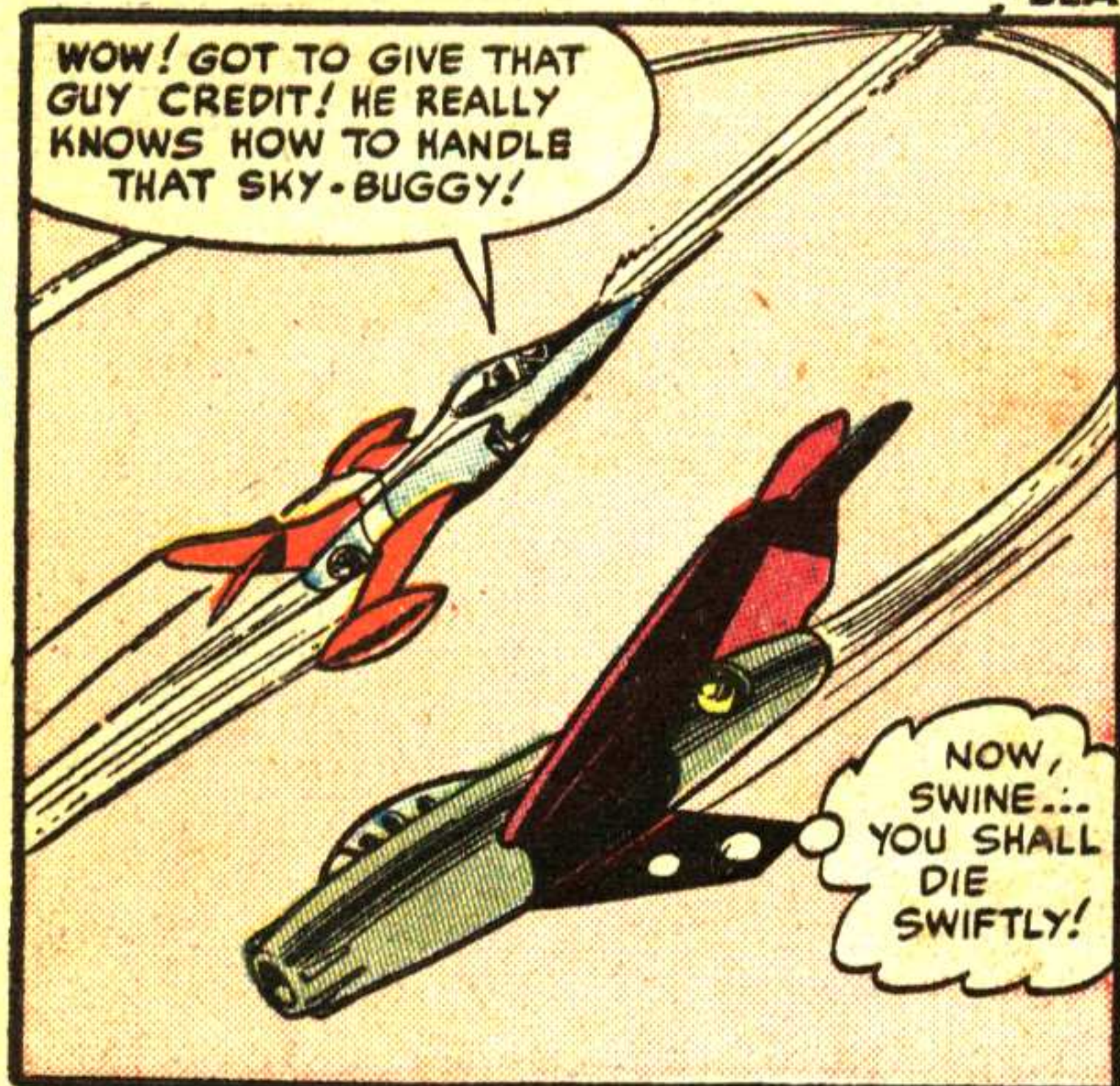
LET'S GET TO OUR JETS AND KNOCK OUT THOSE PLANES!

NO TIME FOR THAT! REMEMBER KING COBRA'S TECHNIQUE! THIS MEANS THE REBELS WILL BE STARTING A REVOLUTION ANY MOMENT!



BLACKHAWK





PLUNGING THROUGH THE SEARING FLAMES, BLACK-HAWK KNOWS THE RESCUE MUST BE AFFECTED IN SECONDS..



BLACKHAWK



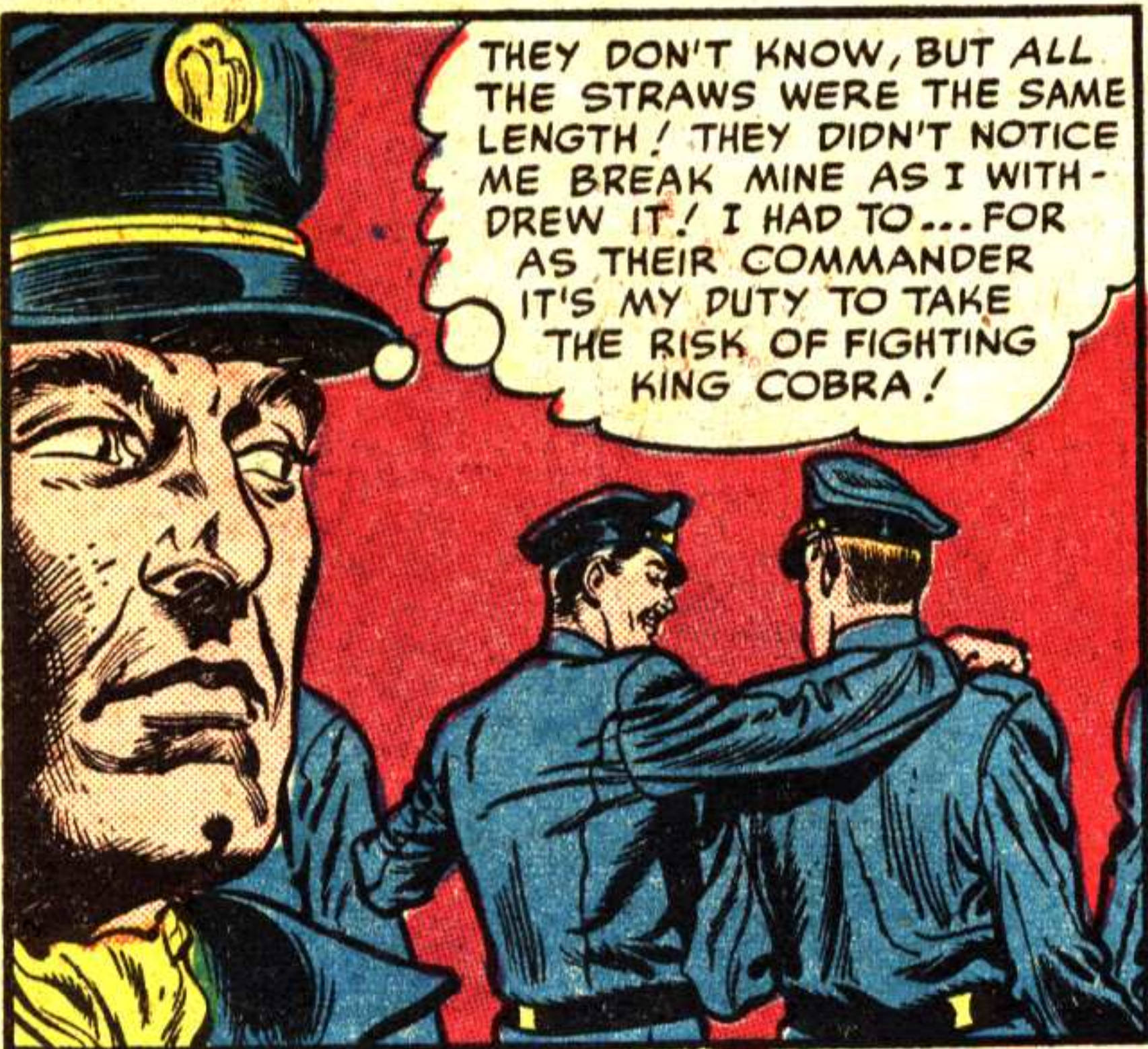
ONE OF US MUST CHALLENGE THE RED ACE TO AN AIR DUEL!

THE BLACKHAWK WHO DRAWS THE SHORT STRAW WILL BE THE ONE TO FIGHT KING COBRA!

SOON AFTER, FIVE HANDS REACH OUT! THE WINNER MAY PERHAPS BE REALLY THE LOSER... FOR NONE CAN PREDICT THE OUTCOME OF AN AIR DUEL WITH KING COBRA!



BLACKHAWK, YOU ARE ONE LUCKY FELLOW! YOU HAVE DRAWN ZE SHORT STRAW!

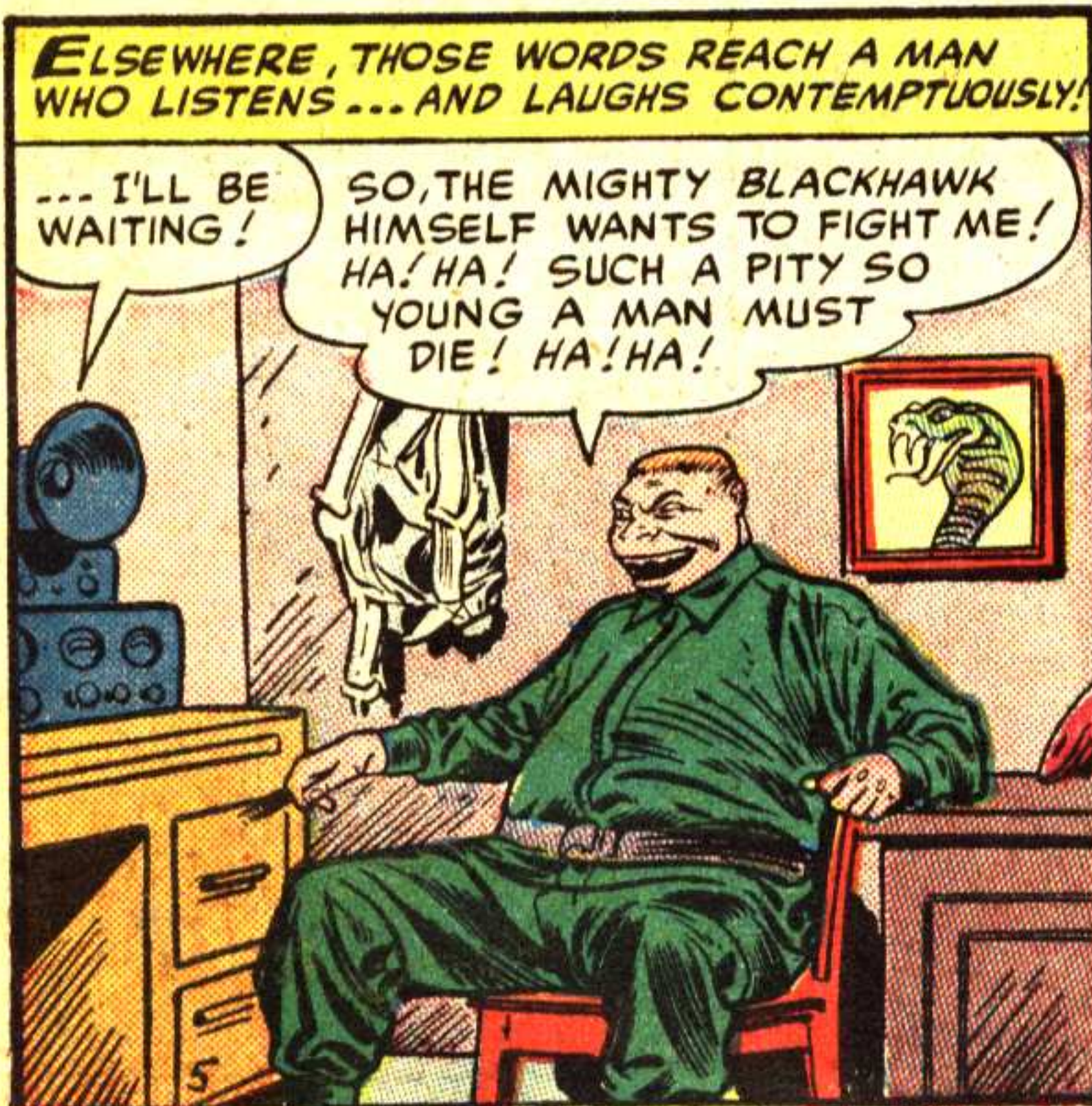


THEY DON'T KNOW, BUT ALL THE STRAWS WERE THE SAME LENGTH! THEY DIDN'T NOTICE ME BREAK MINE AS I WITH-DREW IT! I HAD TO... FOR AS THEIR COMMANDER IT'S MY DUTY TO TAKE THE RISK OF FIGHTING KING COBRA!



SOON AFTER, A GRIM CHALLENGE IS BEAMED WORLD-WIDE ON THE SHORT-WAVE RADIO!

TO KING COBRA, WHEREVER YOU ARE... THIS IS BLACKHAWK TALKING! IF YOU THINK YOU'RE A BETTER ACE THAN I AM, COME AND GET ME! I'LL BE WAITING!



ELSEWHERE, THOSE WORDS REACH A MAN WHO LISTENS... AND LAUGHS CONTEMPTUOUSLY!

... I'LL BE WAITING!

SO, THE MIGHTY BLACKHAWK HIMSELF WANTS TO FIGHT ME! HA! HA! SUCH A PITY SO YOUNG A MAN MUST DIE! HA! HA!

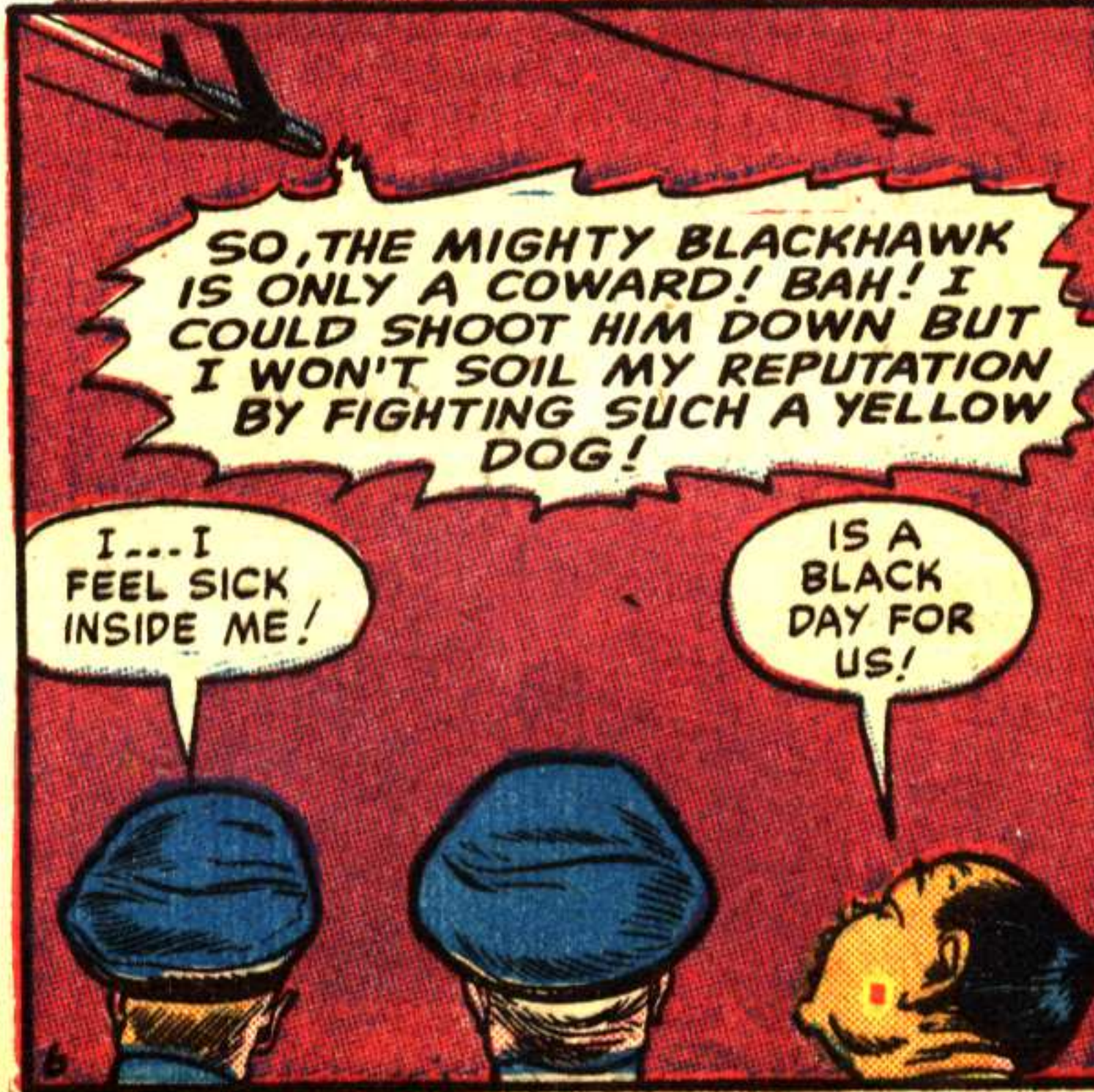
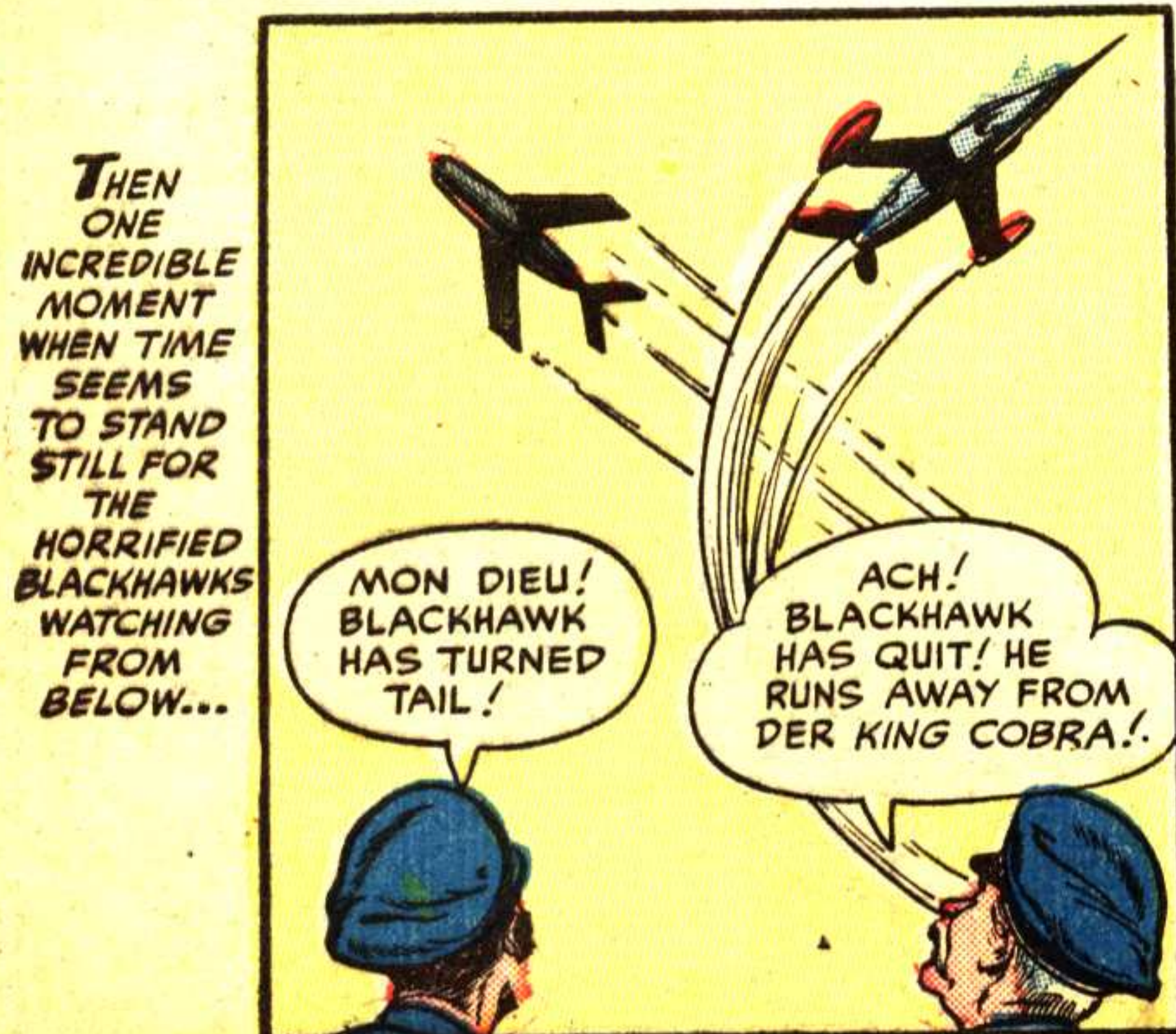
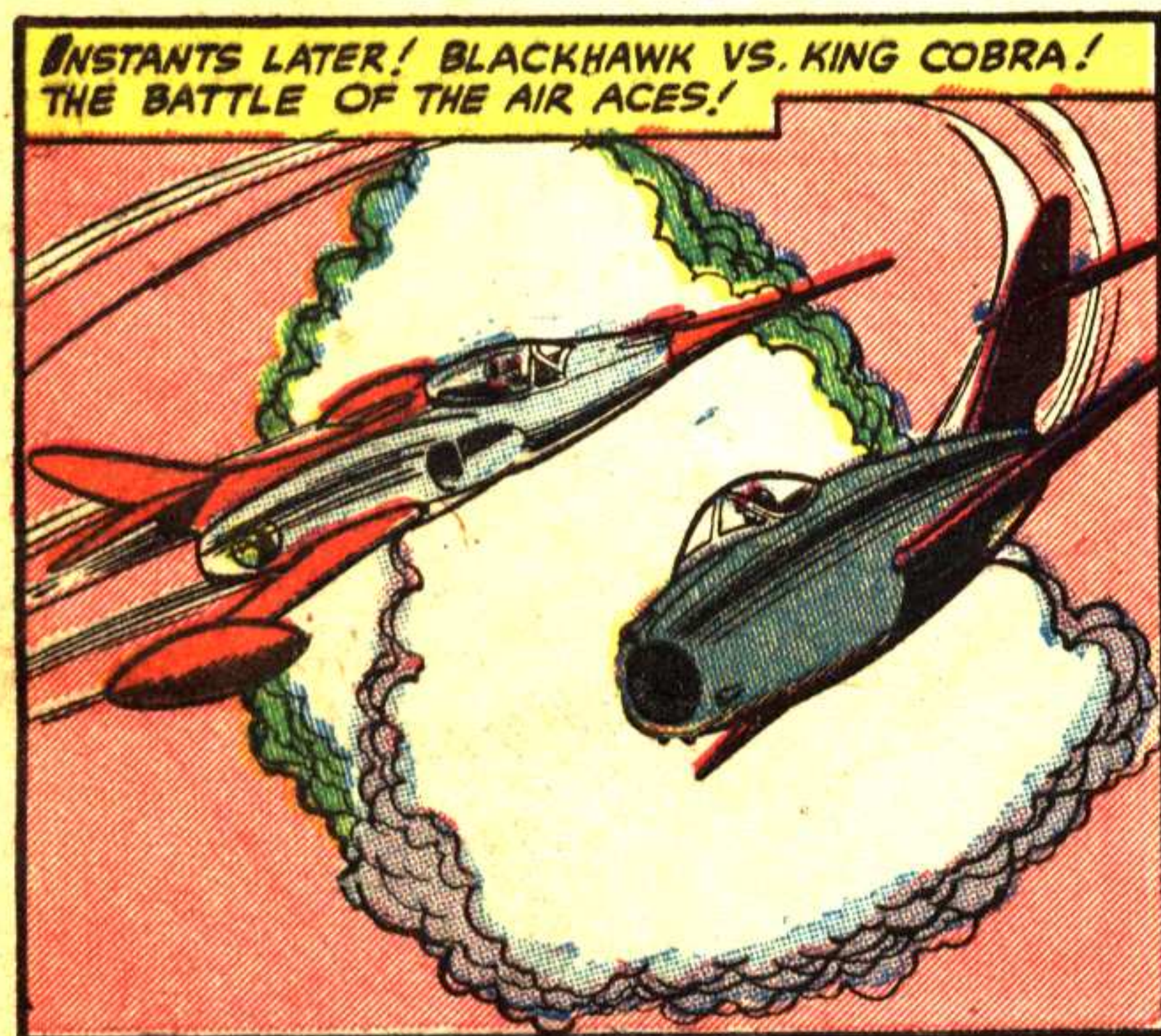
HOURS PASS, AND TENSION MOUNTS AS THE IMPATIENT BLACKHAWK REST-LESSLY PATROLS THE SKY FOR KING COBRA'S REAP-PEARANCE!



WHEN IS THAT GUY COMING OUT OF HIDING? I WANT TO GET THIS OVER WITH!

EASY, BLACKHAWK! YOU LETTING NERVES GET ALL TANGLED LIKE DISH OF CHOP SUEY!

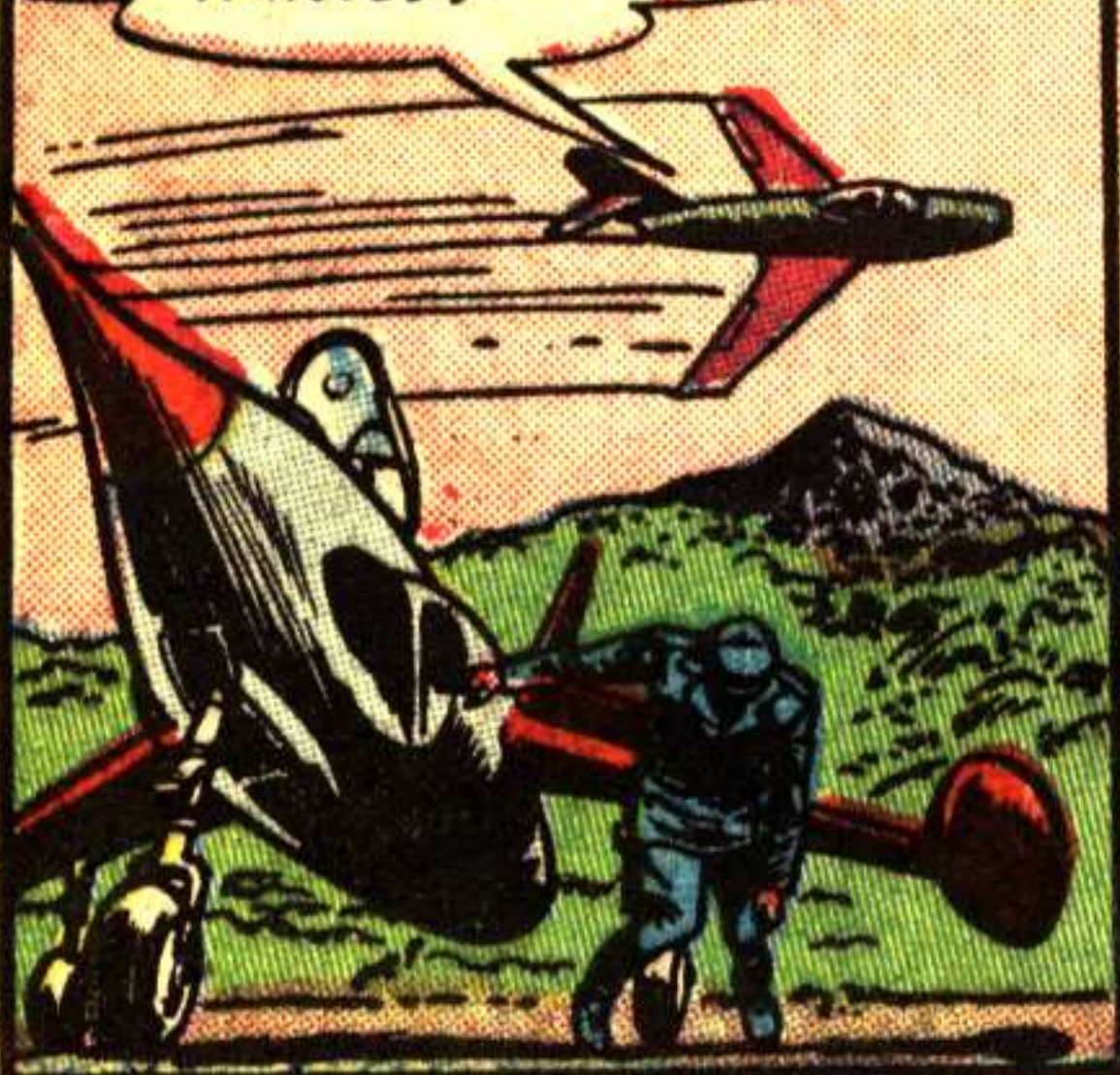
BLACKHAWK



BLACKHAWK

CURIOUS, THE RED ACE FOLLOWS BLACKHAWK'S PLANE UNTIL...

HMM! HE'S LANDED! LOOK AT HIM! HE WAS SO FRIGHTENED OF ME HE'S ACTUALLY FAINTED!



A MOMENT LATER...

WHAT A BLOW TO THE DEMOCRACIES WHEN THEY LEARN THEIR GREAT "HERO" WAS CAPTURED ALIVE AFTER HE FAINTED OF FEAR!



LATER, WORDS DRIFT TO BLACKHAWK AS HE SWIMS BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS...

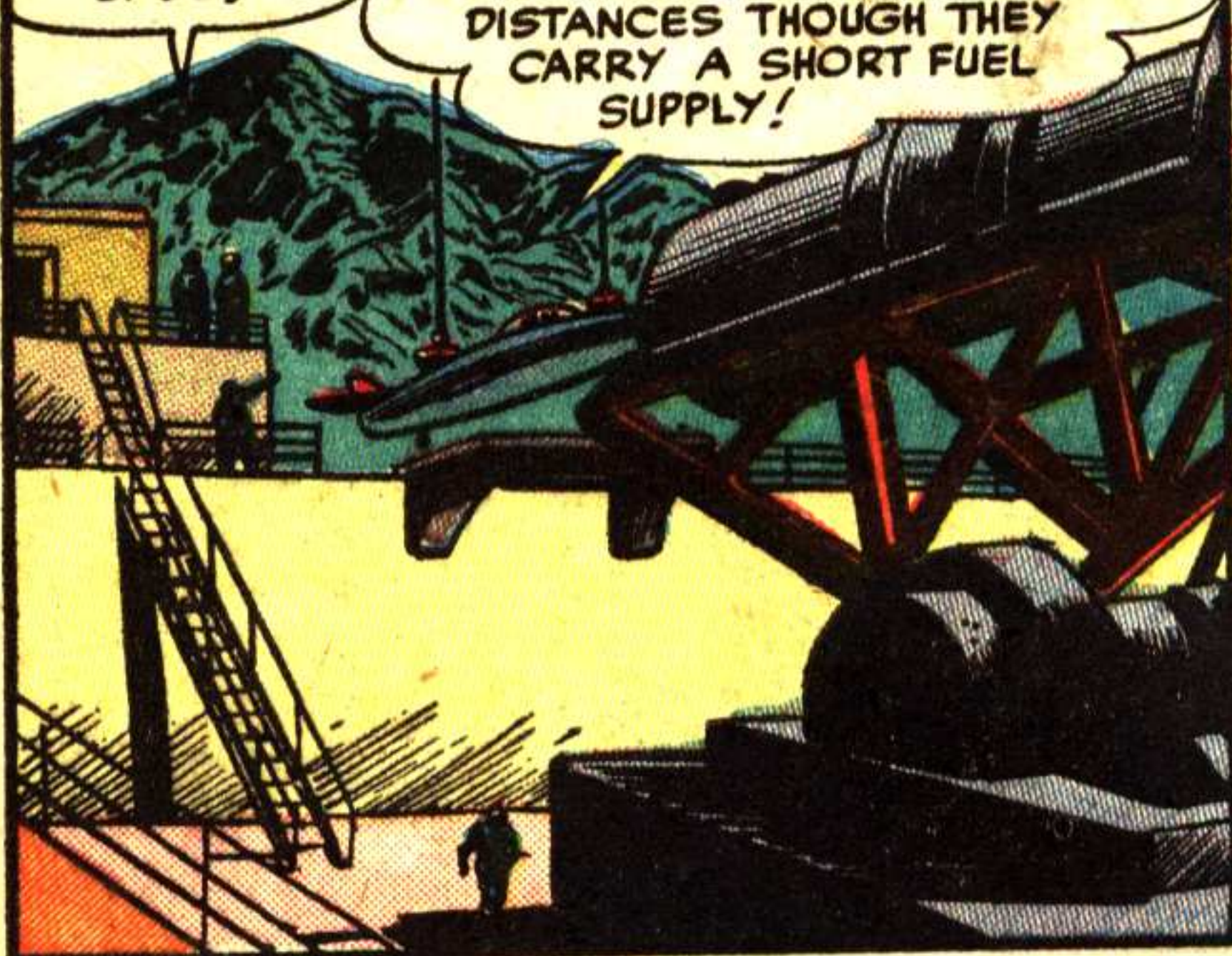
WE ARE READY TO STRIKE ONCE MORE AT GREGONIA, COMRADE!

THERE IS NO NEED FOR ME TO GO ALONG THIS TIME! GREGONIA IS SO WEAK YOU CAN CONQUER IT EASILY!



SO THIS IS YOUR SECRET BASE!

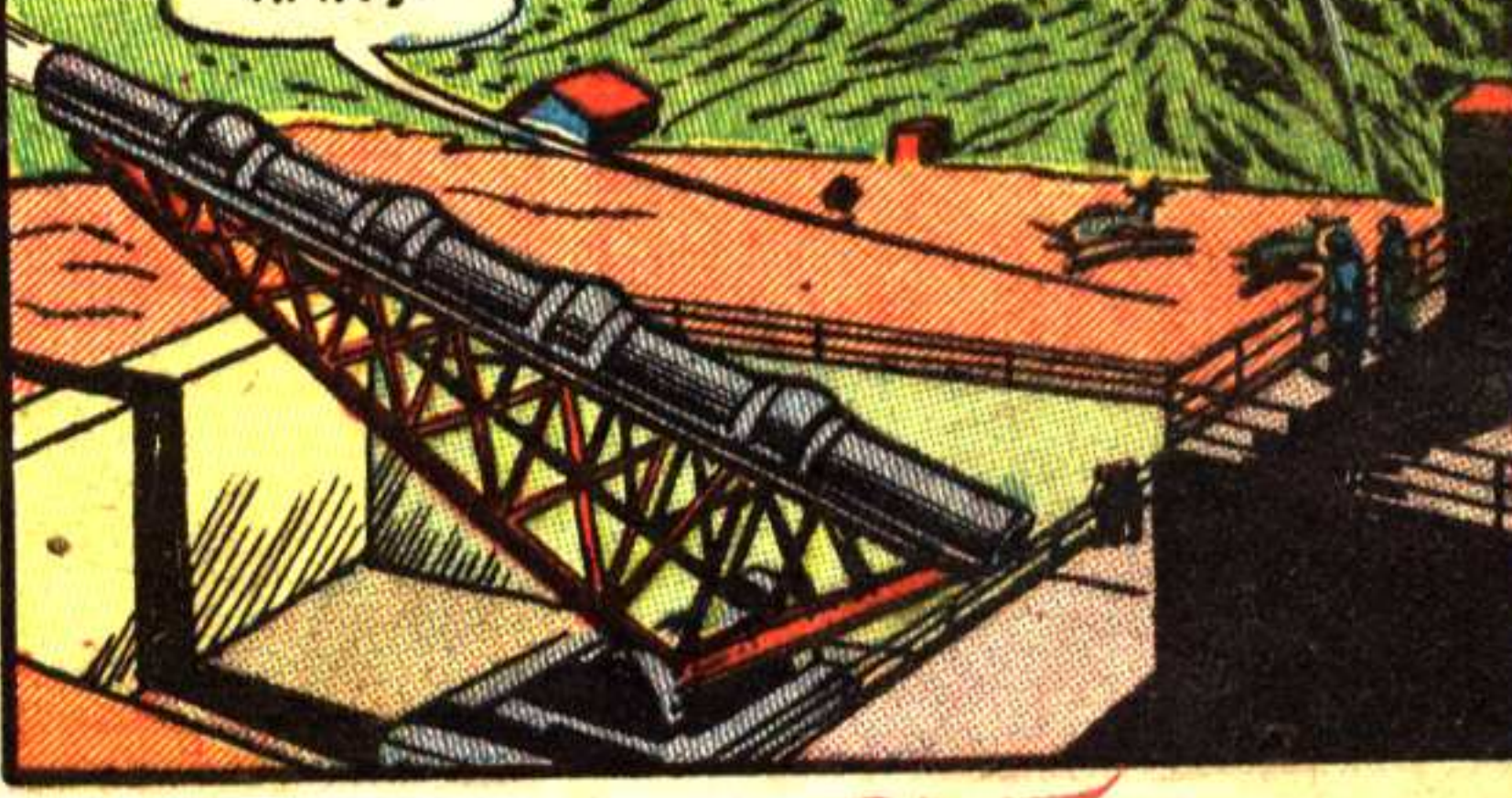
QUITE TRUE! NOW, BLACKHAWK... WATCH AND YOU WILL SEE HOW OUR PLANES CAN TRAVEL LONG DISTANCES THOUGH THEY CARRY A SHORT FUEL SUPPLY!



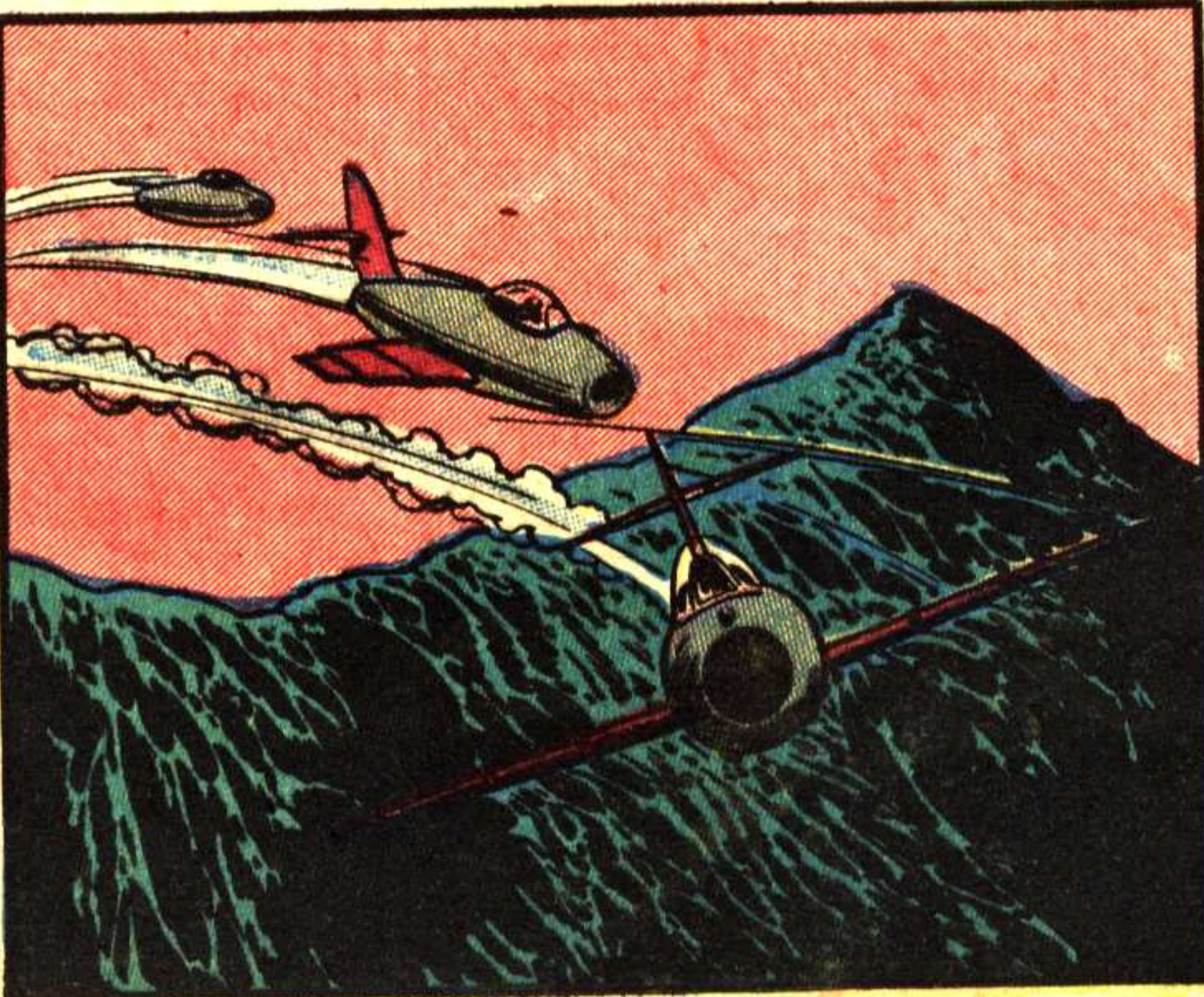
SOON AFTER, BLACKHAWK IS STUNNED BY THE SIGHT OF JETS WITH RETRACTED WINGS, SHOT INTO THE AIR LIKE SHELLS!

GREAT SCOTT! THEY'RE BEING SHOT FROM AN ELECTRIC CANNON! THE NAZIS HAD PLANS FOR JUST SUCH A GUN DURING THE LAST WAR!

TRUE! BUT WE HAVE ADAPTED IT FOR LAUNCHING PLANES!



FROM BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN, PLANES ARE SHOT THREE HUNDRED MILES OUT ... WHERE ROBOT CONTROLS EXTEND THE WINGS AND START THE JET MOTOR... AND THEN IT IS BUT A SHORT HOP TO THE TARGET!

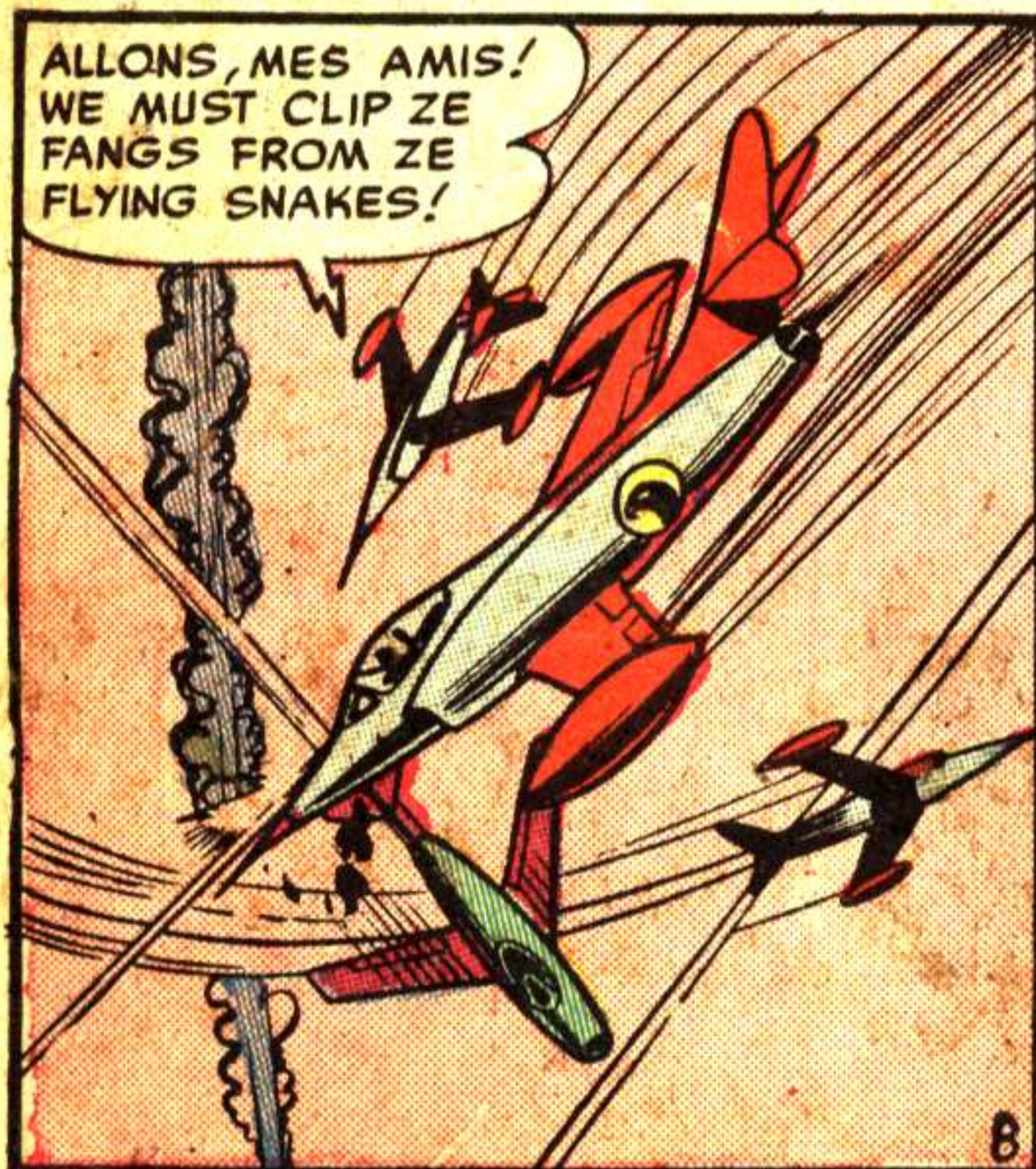
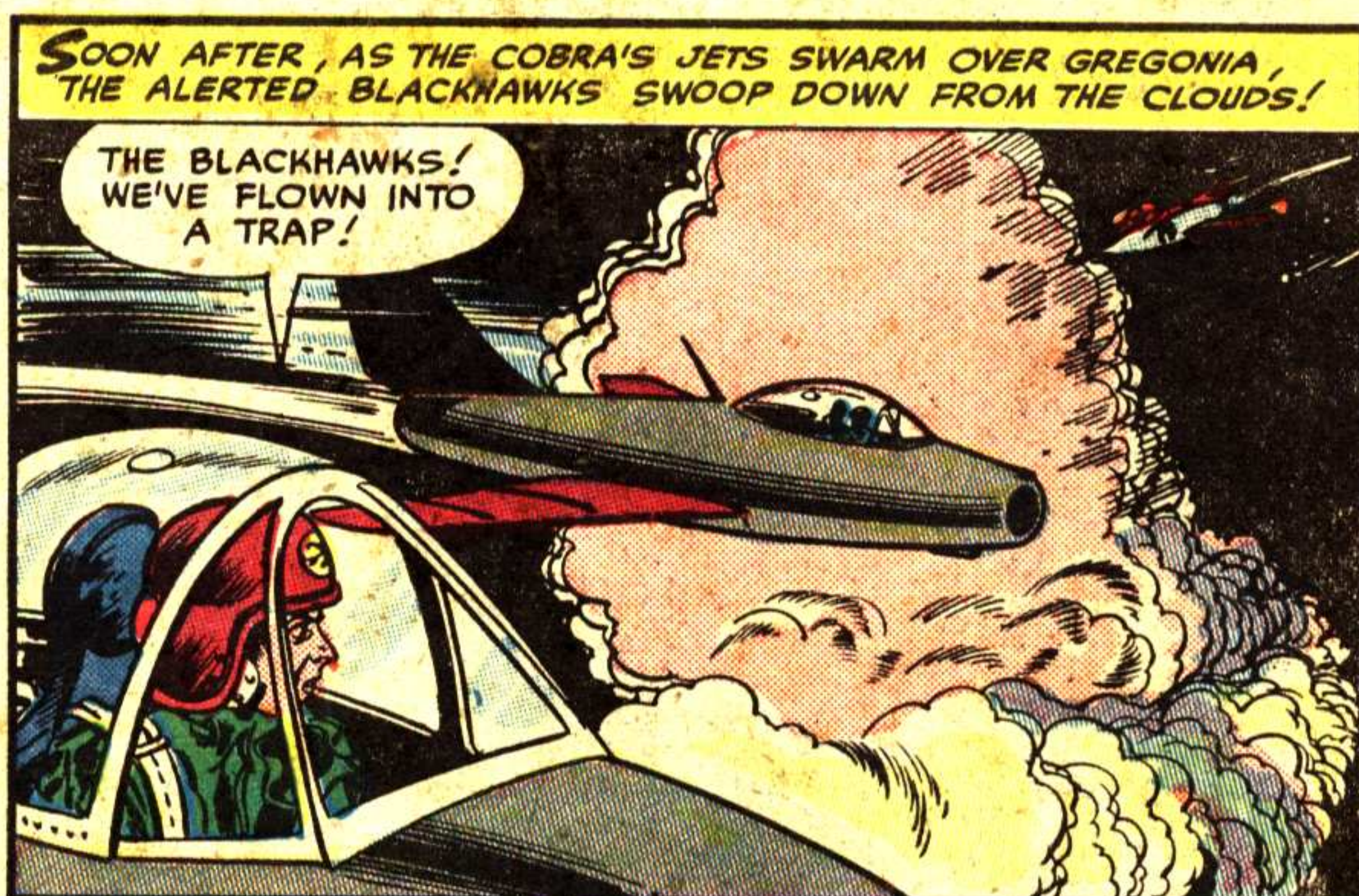


AND THAT LEAVES OUR PLANES WITH SUFFICIENT FUEL TO FLY THE LONG DISTANCE BACK TO THEIR BASE! CLEVER, EH?

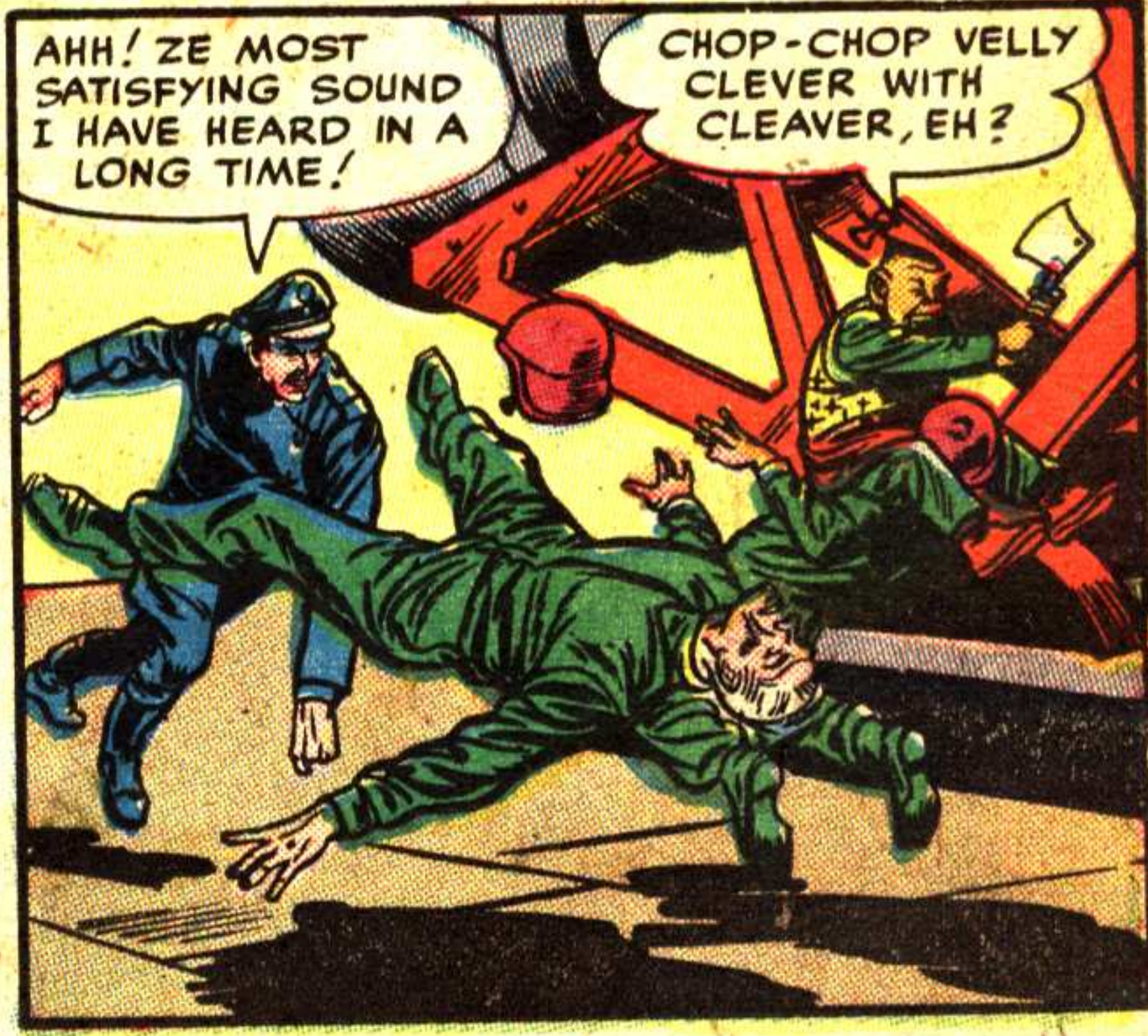
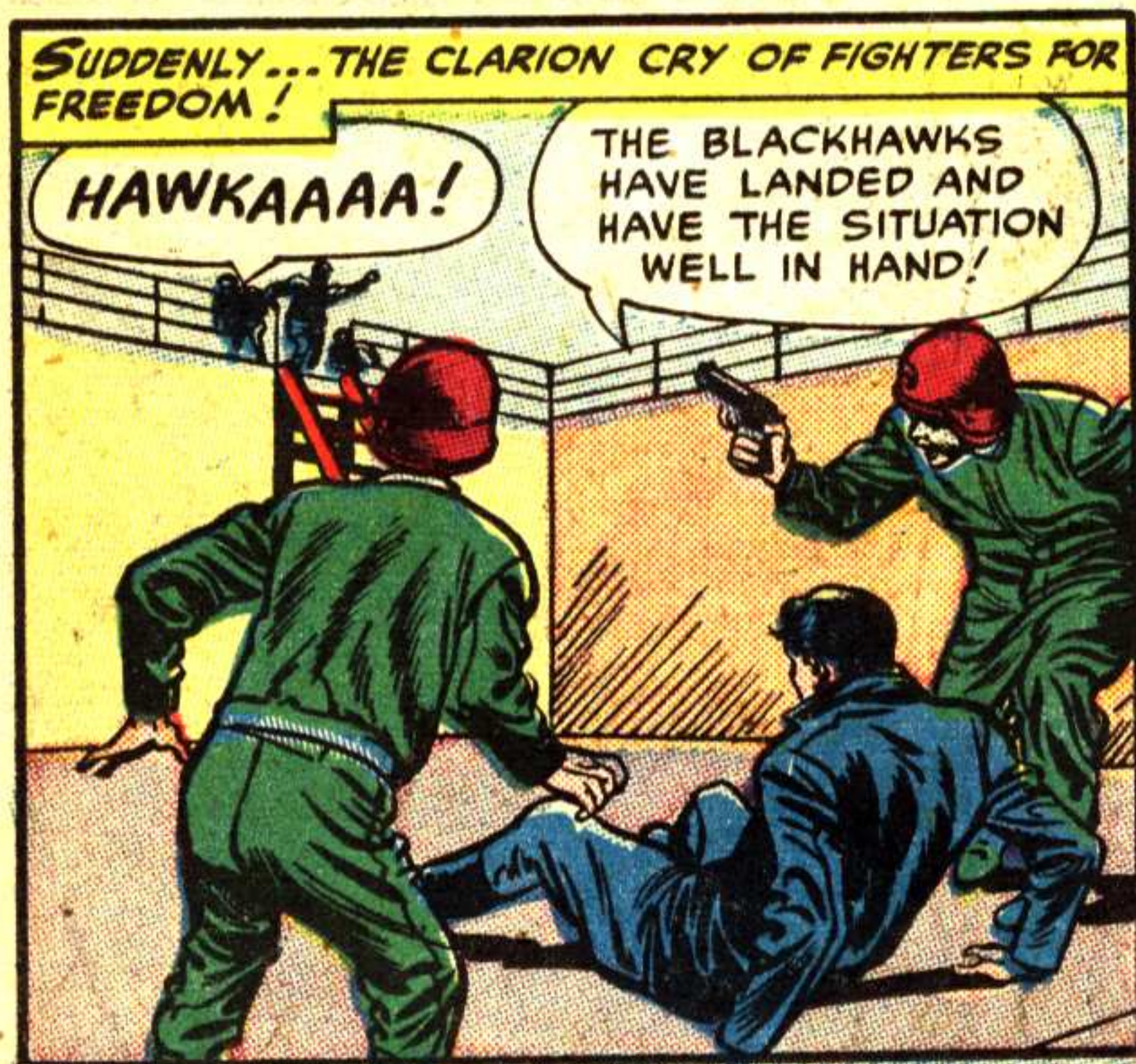
DEVILISHLY CLEVER, COBRA!



BLACKHAWK



BLACKHAWK

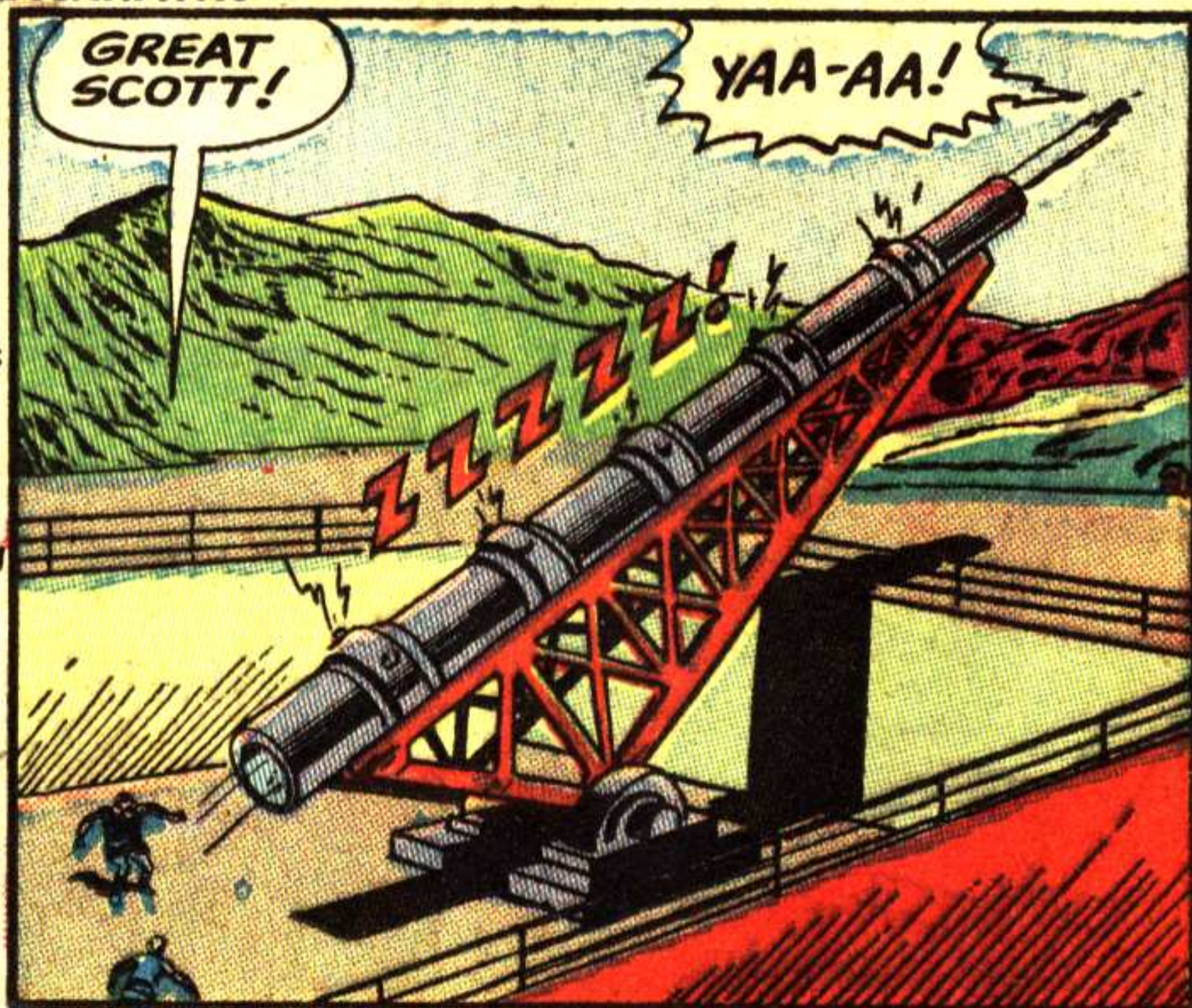


BLACKHAWK



SOMETHING I OWE YOU...
AND I ALWAYS PAY MY
DEBTS!

To
BLACK-
HAWK'S
HORROR,
KING
COBRA'S
TOTTERING
FRAME
JARS THE
ELECTRIC
CANNON'S
MECHANISM
...AND
SUDDENLY,
KING
COBRA
BECOMES
A HUMAN
PROJEC-
TILE!



GREAT
SCOTT!

YAA-AA!



AN IRONIC ENDING,
MON AMI! NOW
DEATH WILL COME
TO KING COBRA
WHEN HE STRIKES!

YES, HE'LL BE DEAD, BUT
I'LL STILL BE ALIVE
KNOWING THAT I WAS
AFRAID OF HIM!



I WAS A COWARD...
I CRACKED UP
WHEN I HAD TO
FACE HIM IN THE
AIR! I... I...
UHHH!

MON DIEU! HE
HAS FAINTED!



WHEN BLACKHAWK REGAINS
CONSCIOUSNESS ...

HUH? I'M
IN A
HOSPITAL!

EASY, MON AMI!
YOU MUST REST
AFTER ZE OPERATION!
ZE DOCTOR HAD TO
OPERATE ON A
PORTION OF YOUR
SKULL PRESSING
AGAINST YOUR
BRAIN!



WHEN YOU
RESCUED CHUCK,
A BIT OF METAL
STRUCK YOUR
HEAD! REMEMBER?
THE HEAD WOUND
DIDN'T BOTHER
YOU UNTIL YOU
BUCKED THE
EXTREME AIR
PRESSURE OF
JET FLYING!

AND ZAT IS
WHY YOU
HAD ZE
NERVOUS-
NESS,
HEAD-
ACHES,
WEAKNESS
AND FAINTING
SPELLS!
THOSE WERE
NOT ZE
SYMPTOMS OF
A COWARD, BUT
OF A BRAIN
INJURY!



FELLAS, I... I HAVE NO
WORDS TO TELL YOU
HOW GLAD I AM! I...
I... WELL, LET'S SAY
I'M HAPPY IT ALL
TURNED OUT OKAY
IN THE END!

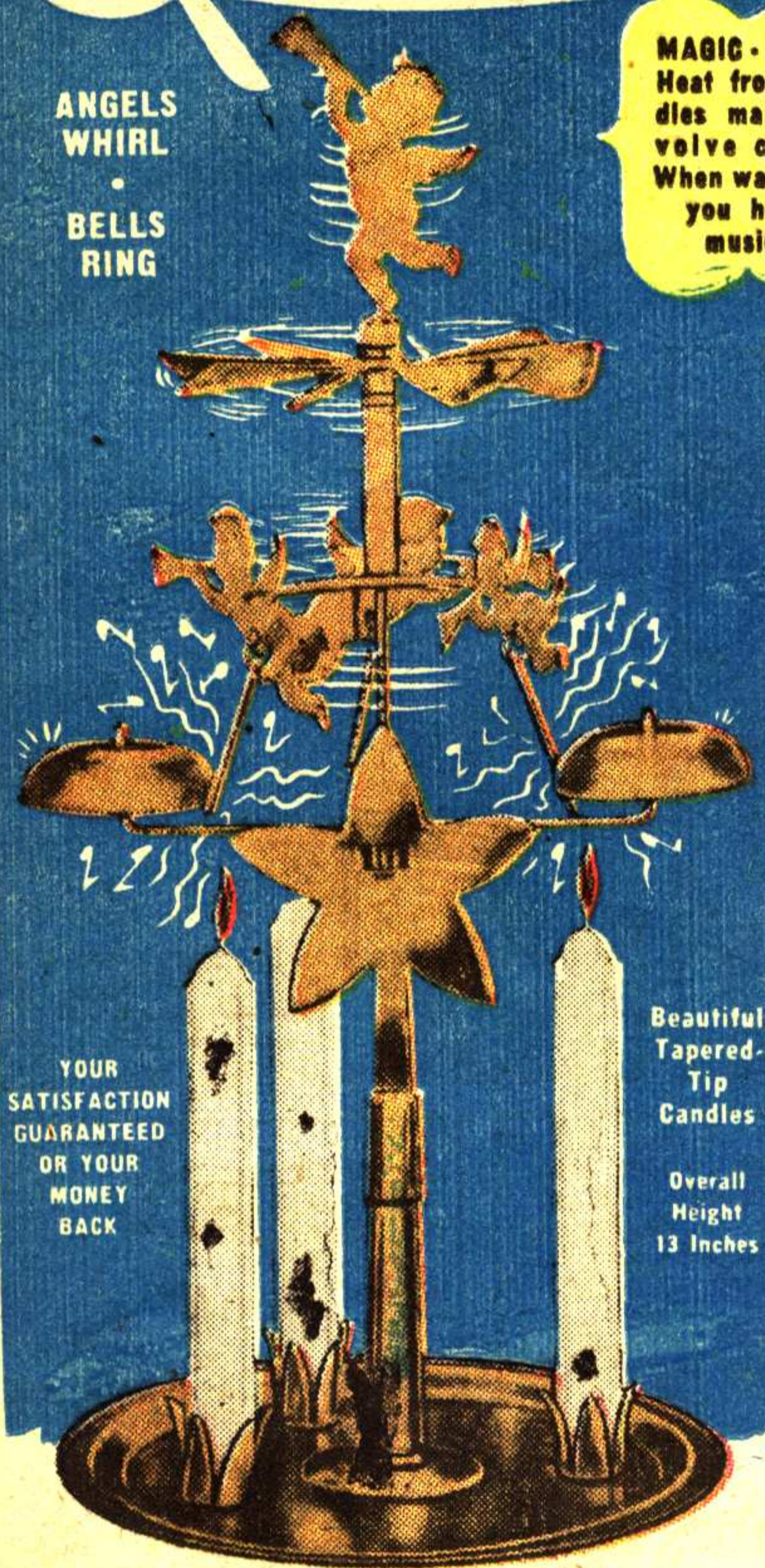
MUSICAL ANGEL-CHIMES

AUTHENTIC REPLICA OF ORIGINAL "SWEDISH SINGING ANGELS" CENTERPIECE

ANGELS
WHIRL
•
BELLS
RING

MAGIC-LIKE EFFECT
Heat from lighted candles makes angels revolve continuously. When wands strike bells you hear pleasant musical chimes.

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Only \$1.98
COMPLETE WITH CANDLES
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YOUR
SATISFACTION
GUARANTEED
OR YOUR
MONEY
BACK

Beautiful
Tapered-
Tip
Candles

Overall
Height
13 Inches



AS CENTERPIECE • ON MANTEL OR SHELF • ON BUFFET

• Here it is! That beautiful, whirling, chiming, table Candela-bra you've seen and admired at prices up to \$5 and \$10 in the finest shops. Now, for the first time, you can have this lovely, decorative centerpiece in your home, yours to own and enjoy, for only \$1.98 complete with 3 tapered-tip candles. All the authentic styling of famed Swedish craftsmen is faithfully reproduced in this enchanting "Singing Angels" replica.

• You, your family and friends will rejoice in the charm and beauty which this decorative innovation brings to your home. Everyone who comes into your home will be fascinated by the gentle whirling action of the Herald Angels as the heat from the lighted candles cause them to revolve 'round and 'round for hours. Your cares and burdens will vanish under the soothing, relaxing influence of the church-like musical chimes as the angel wands continuously strike golden-toned bells during the revolving action. The effect is truly breathtaking. Lighted candles—revolving angels—soft chiming bells—all combine to provide unequalled beauty, peace and contentment for your home and for all who enter it.

• Made for long-life service of all metal construction with rich, polished brass effect, achieved by special anodizing process, can't tarnish, discolor or rust. Circular tray is designed with three candle holders which adjust to width of any candles you may wish to use. Here is a beautiful, decorative addition for your table, mantel, shelf or buffet that will last and serve you for years to come, yours on this offer for only \$1.98 or two for \$3.79. Order today. Use your Musical Whirling Angel Chimes for 10 full days. We guarantee that you'll be thrilled with its heavenly beauty and action or you can return in 10 days for full refund.

SEND NO MONEY! RUSH THIS COUPON!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, DEPT. 2400
1227 LOYOLA AVE., CHICAGO 26, ILLINOIS

Gentlemen:—Rush my order as checked below for Musical Whirling ANGEL CHIMES, complete with 3 beautiful tapered-tip candles. I will pay the postman \$1.98 for one or two for \$3.79 plus C.O.D. postage charges on your 10 day money back offer.

Check how many:

☐ 1 ANGEL CHIMES @ \$1.98 ☐ 2 ANGEL CHIMES @ \$3.79

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____ STATE _____

☐ SAVE C.O.D. CHARGES! Enclose price of offer plus 10c for postage for one or 15c for two. We'll ship your order all postage prepaid.

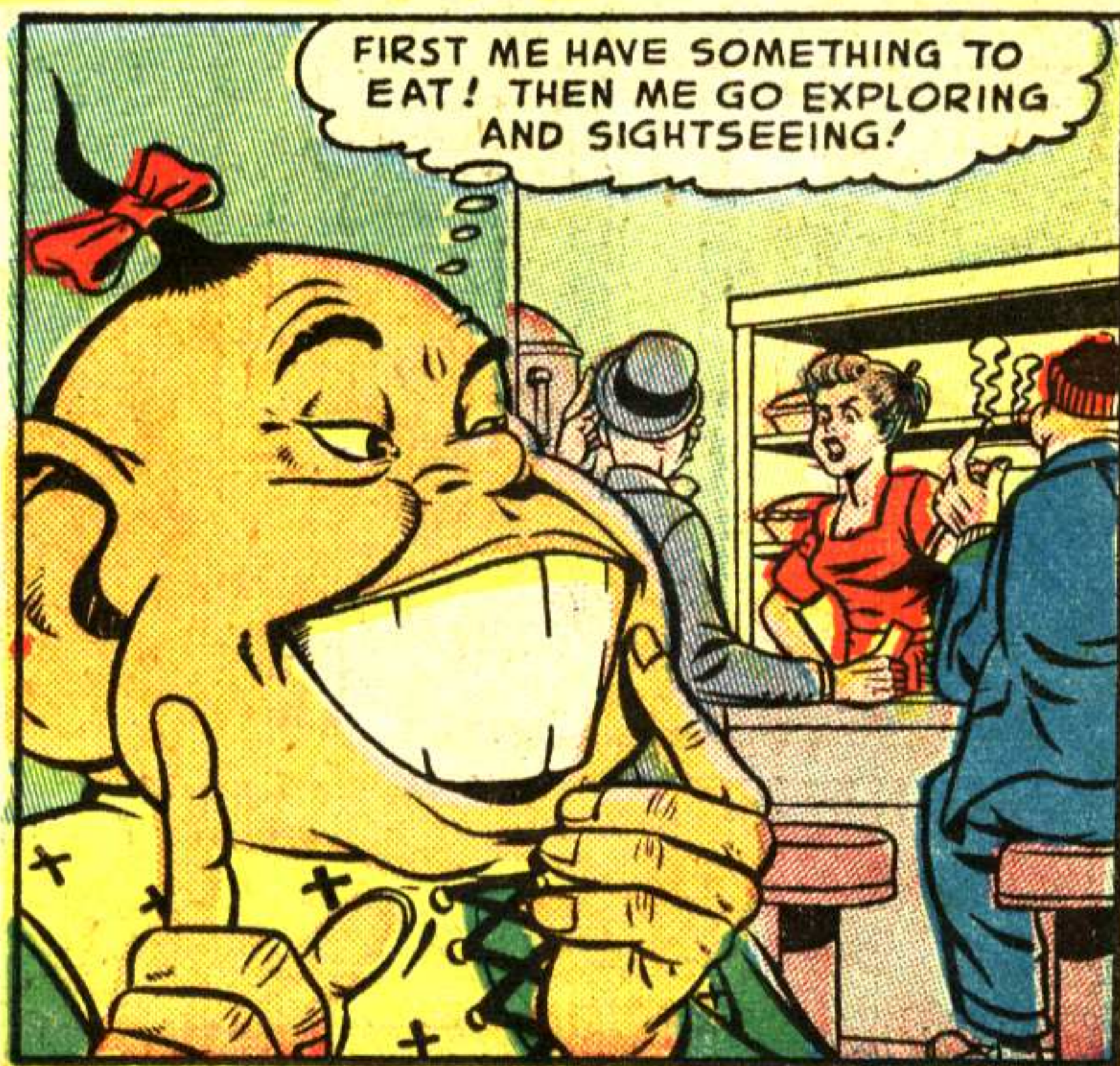
AGENTS! MAKE BIG MONEY THIS FAST, EASY WAY

Everyone will buy Angel Chimes on self-selling 1 minute "lighted candle" demonstration. Should make you up to \$50 and \$100 weekly spare and full time. No competition. Write today for FREE details to Bill Allen, Sales Mgr., ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, 1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26.

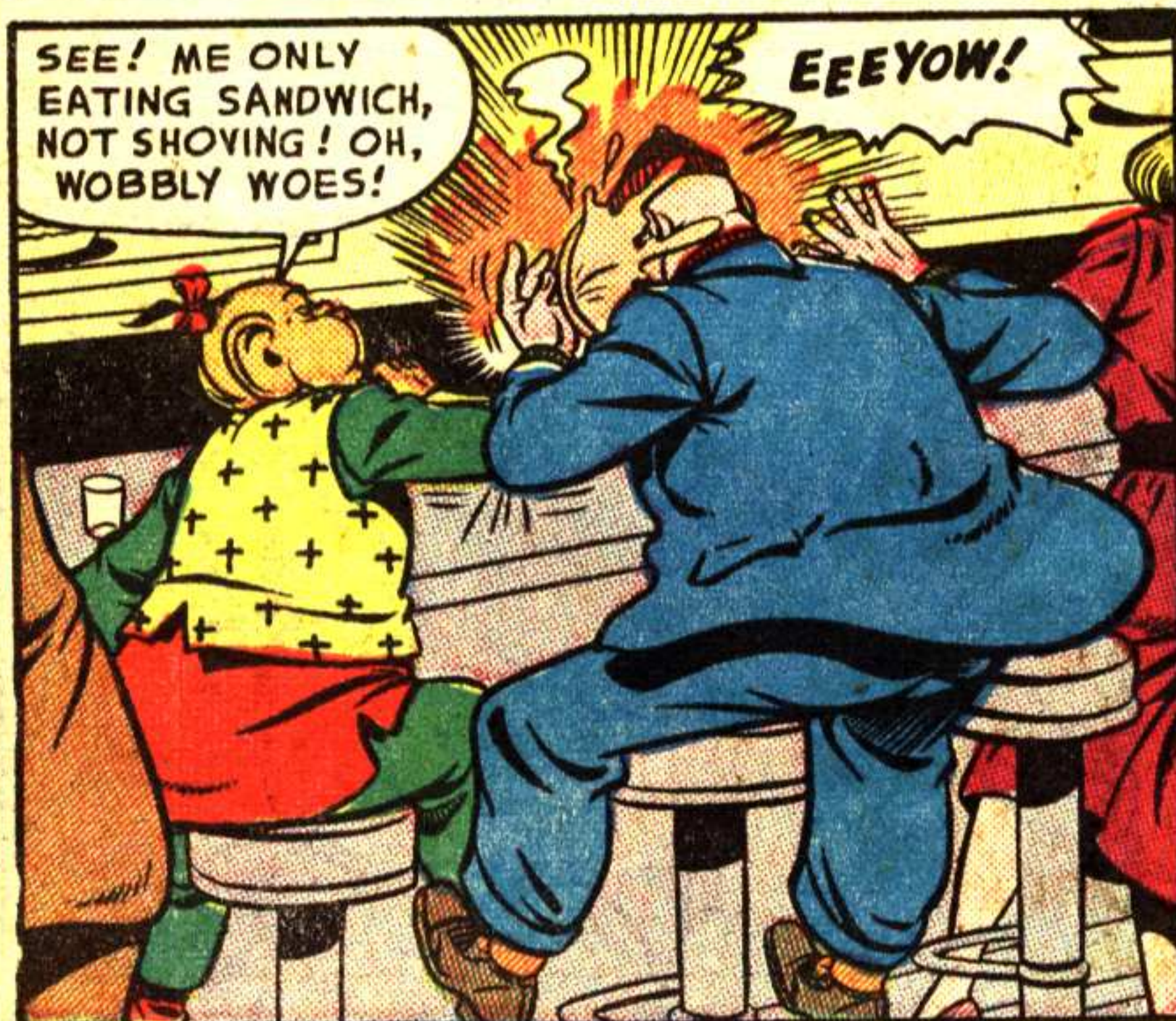
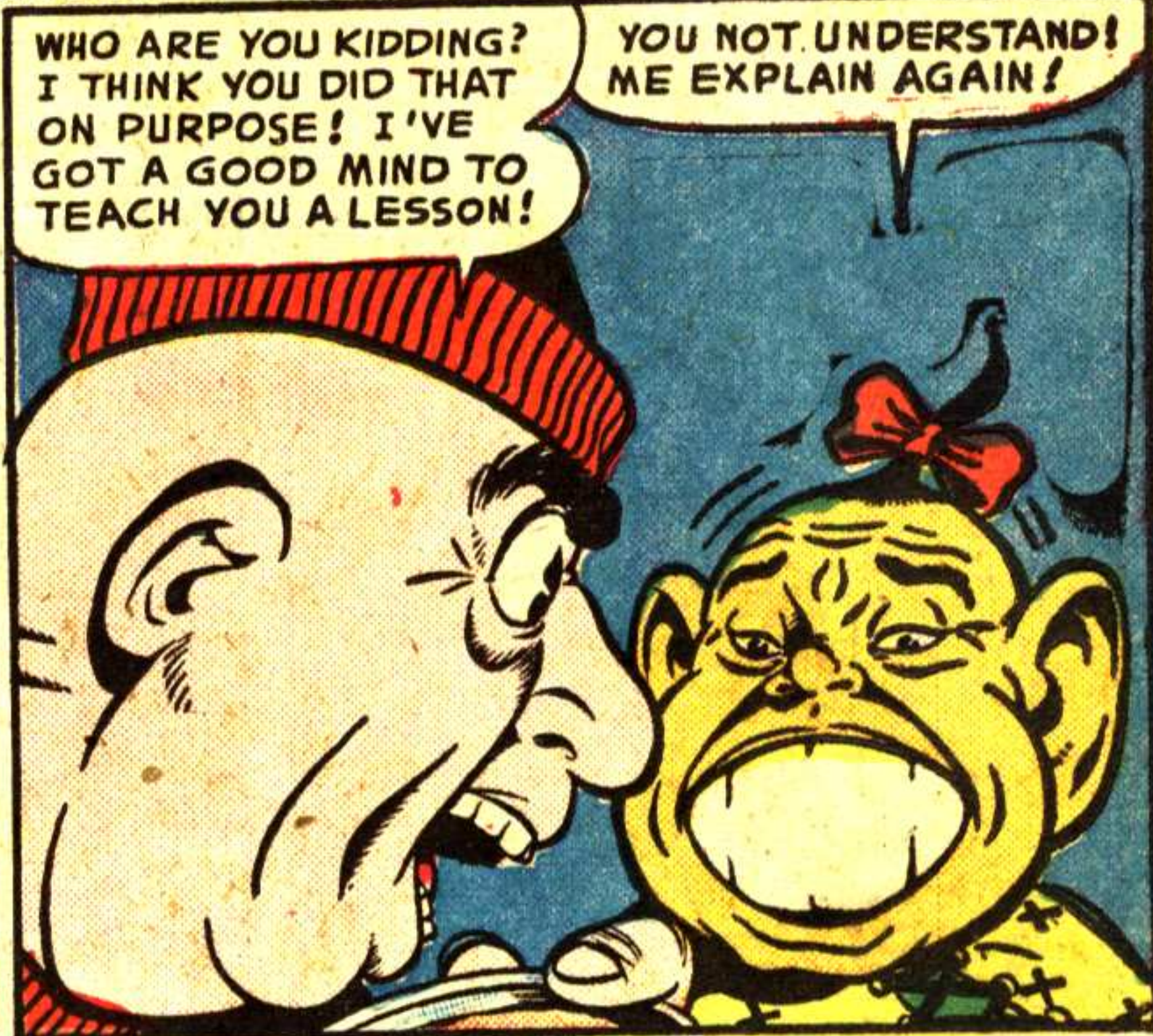
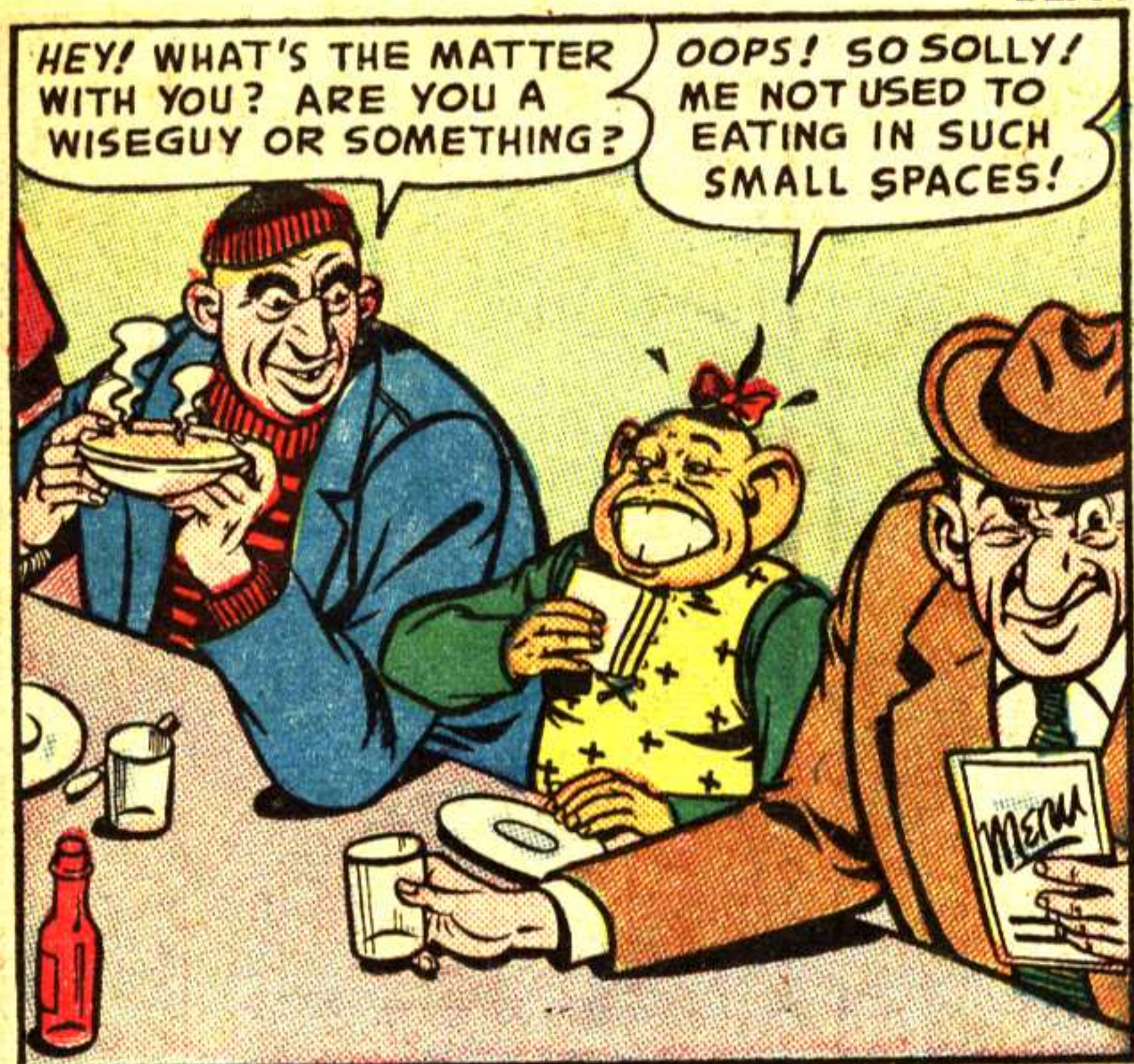
Order for Yourself! Order for Friends!

Hurry! — With labor and material costs going up every day, our low offer price may soon be withdrawn. Order now while there's still time.

MAIL COUPON TODAY



BLACKHAWK



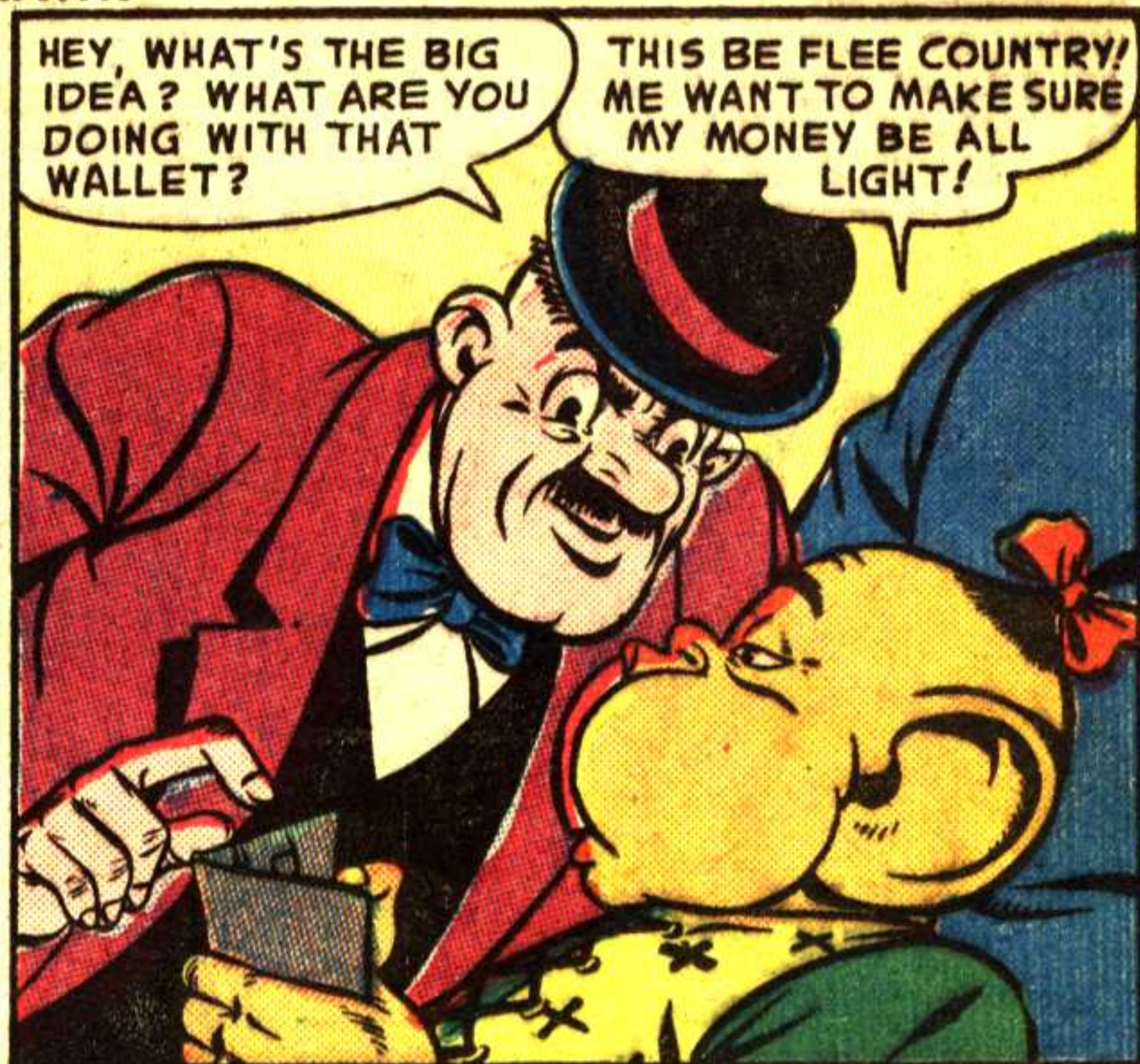
BLACKHAWK



BLACKHAWK



YIPSEE DOODLE! WALLET BE OKAY!
ME HOPE MONEY STILL INSIDE!



HEY, WHAT'S THE BIG
IDEA? WHAT ARE YOU
DOING WITH THAT
WALLET?

THIS BE FLEE COUNTRY!
ME WANT TO MAKE SURE
MY MONEY BE ALL
LIGHT!



YOUR MONEY?
THAT'S A HOT
ONE! WHAT'S
IT DOING IN
MY WALLET?

IT NOT BE
YOUR WALLET!
IT BELONGS
TO ME!



SEE THIS
IDENTIFICATION
CARD? THAT'S
MY NAME AND
THIS IS MY
WALLET!

YOU BE LIGHT!
SO SOLLY!
CANNOT UNDER-
STAND HOW ME
MAKE MISTAKE!

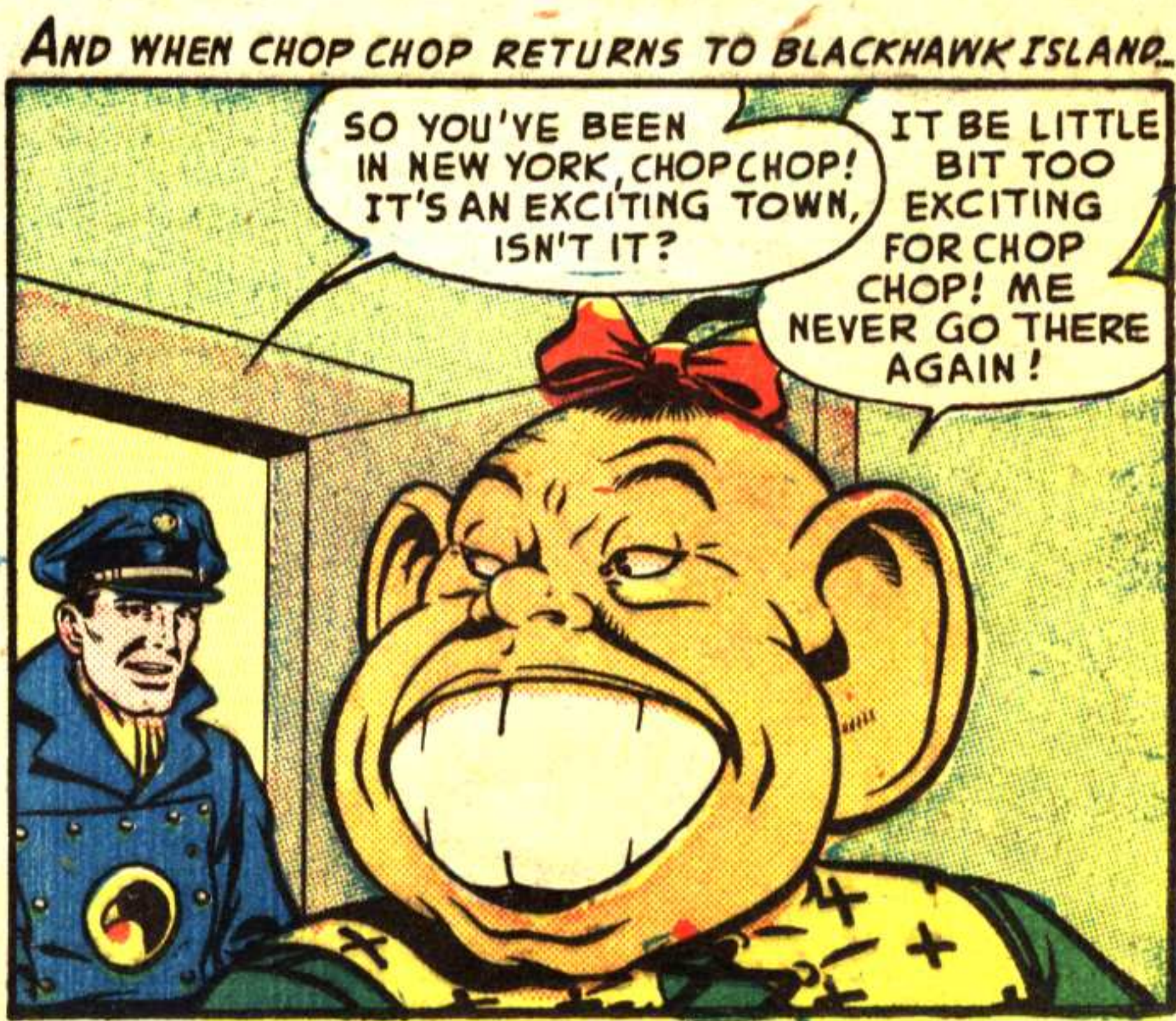


IT WAS YOUR
MISTAKE AND
YOU'RE GONNA
PAY FOR IT!
I'M TURNING
YOU OVER TO
THE COPS!

ME NOT
INTELESTED
IN MEETING
POLICE! MUST
SAY GOOMBYE
LIGHT NOW!



OH, GOLLIES! ME HAVE ENOUGH OF
NEW YORK CITY! BE ALL LEADY TO
GO HOME!



SO YOU'VE BEEN
IN NEW YORK, CHOP CHOP!
IT'S AN EXCITING TOWN,
ISN'T IT?

IT BE LITTLE
BIT TOO
EXCITING
FOR CHOP
CHOP! ME
NEVER GO THERE
AGAIN!

Blackhawk

ACROSS THE TINY REPUBLIC OF DELANZA A CRY IS ECHOED... "URANIUM!" URANIUM HAS BEEN FOUND IN THE DELANZA HILLS! AND THEN DISASTER STRIKES! DISASTER IN THE FORM OF A MENACING SYMBOL THAT LEAVES TERROR, DEATH AND DESTRUCTION WHEREVER ITS HIDEOUS SHADOW FALLS! ANOTHER JOB FOR THE VALIANT BLACKHAWKS! BUT CAN THEY SHATTER THE VICIOUS NET WOVEN BY

The SPIDER of DELANZA!



AN URGENT RADIO MESSAGE FROM GREGOR CARASEN, PRESIDENT OF DELANZA BRINGS BLACKHAWK AND ANDRE TO INVESTIGATE!

LOOK, BLACKHAWK! CARASEN! HE EES PROBABLY ON HEES WAY TO LONDON FOR HELP FROM ZE UNITED WORLD HEADQUARTERS!

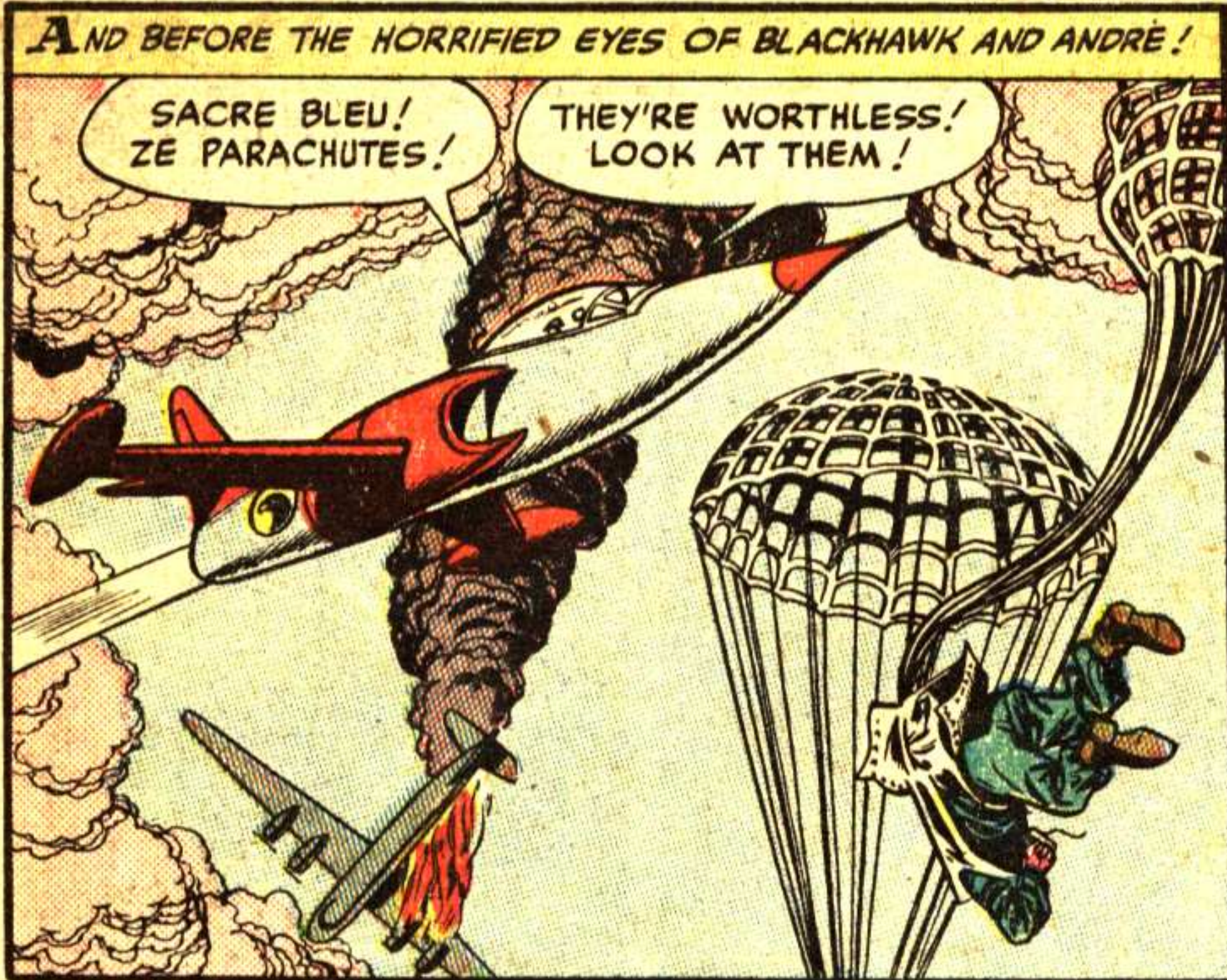
THAT'S THE PRESIDENTIAL PLANE, ALL RIGHT, ANDRE!



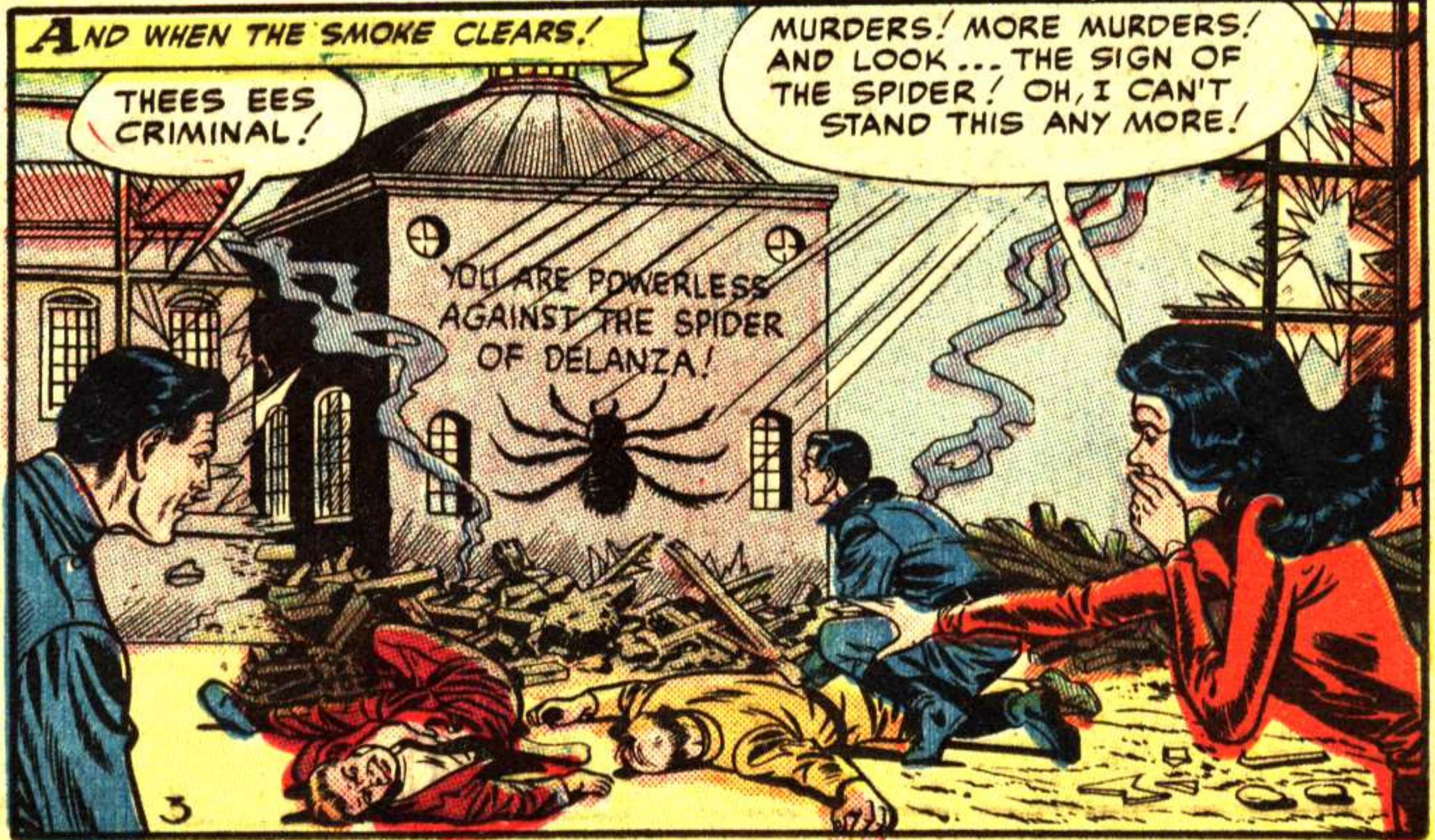
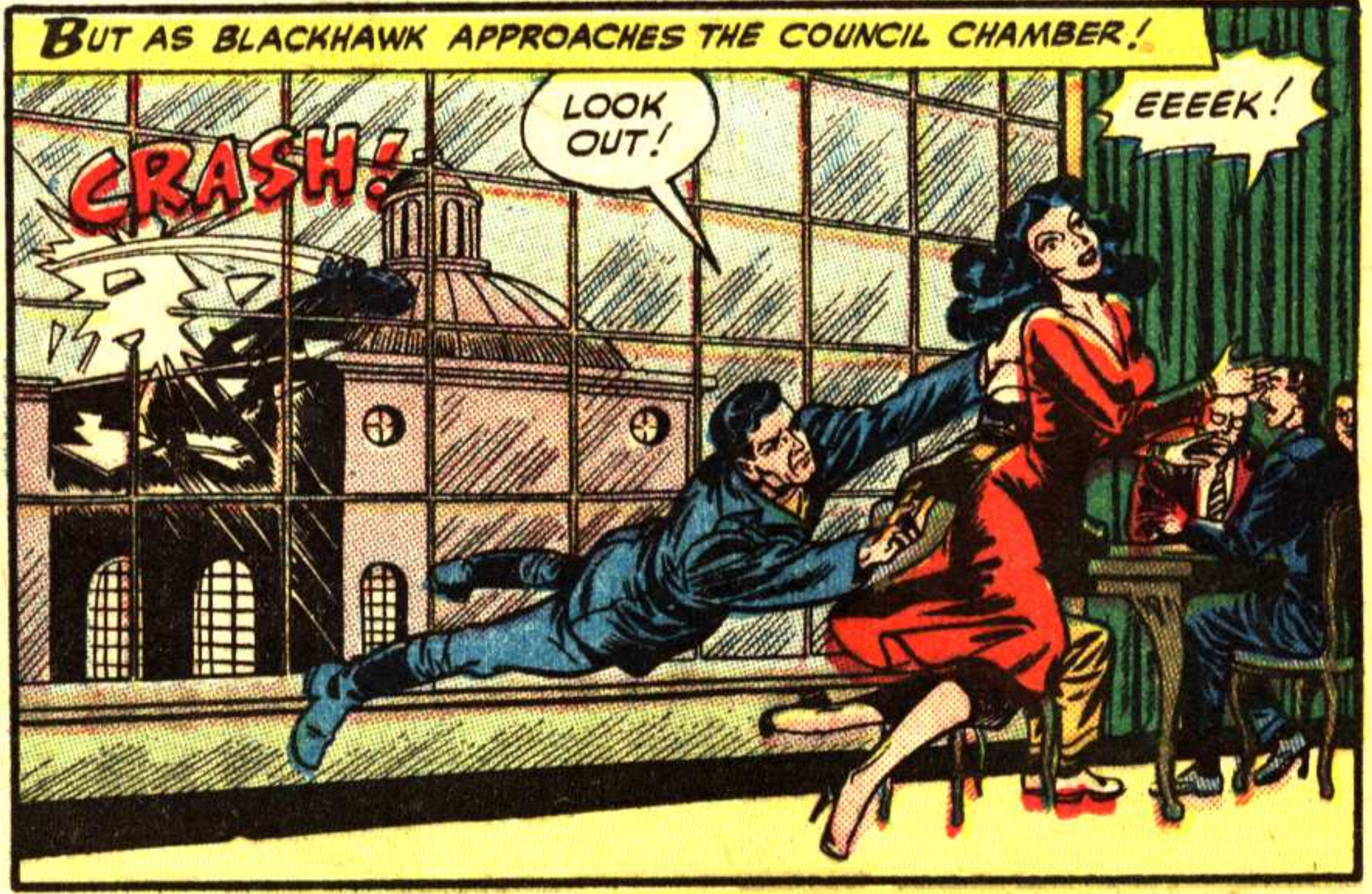
WELL, WHILE HE'S IN LONDON, WE'LL CHECK AROUND DELANZA AND CALL FOR THE REST OF OUR MEN IF NECESSARY!

MON AMI! ZE PLANE! SOMETHING GO WRONG!

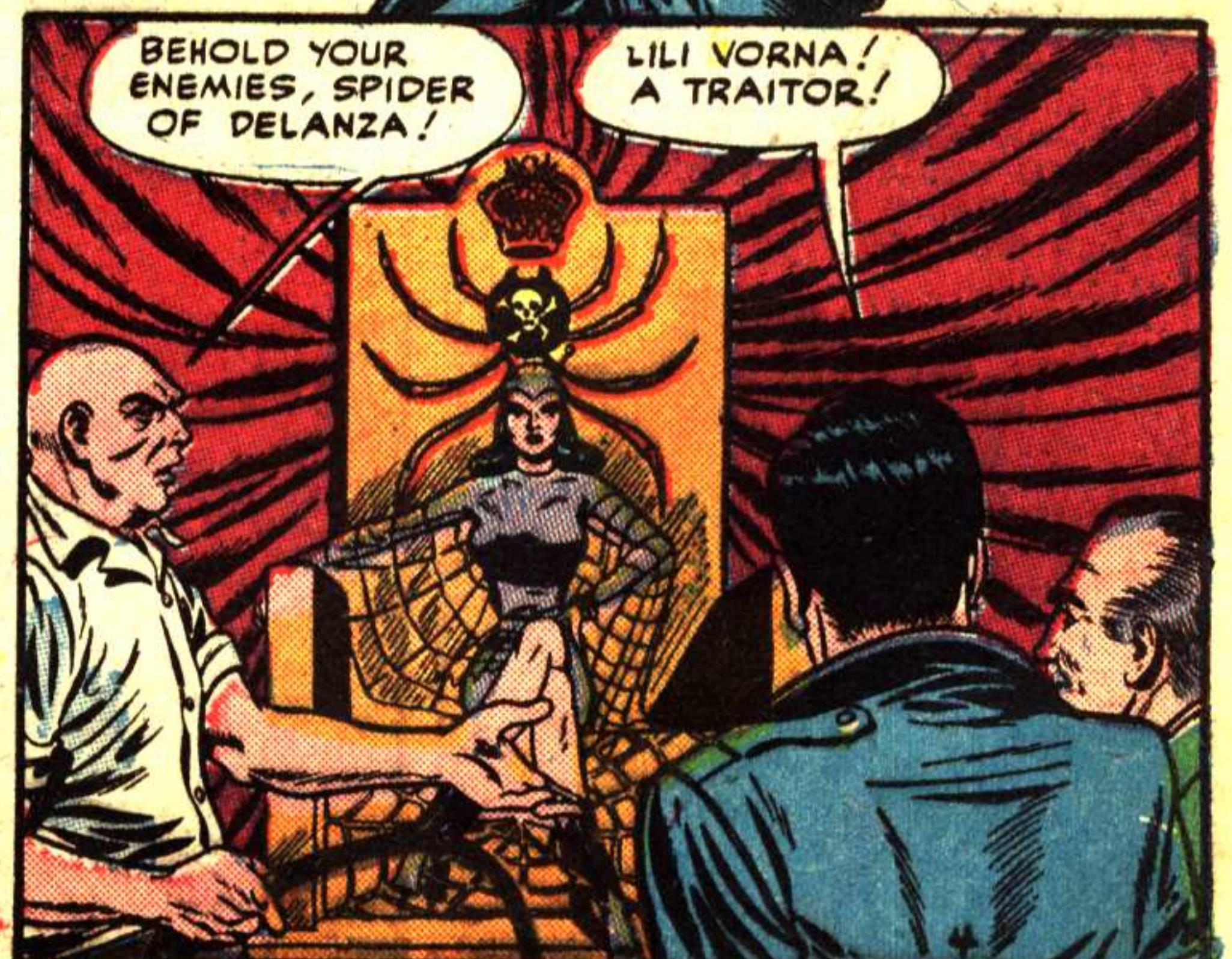
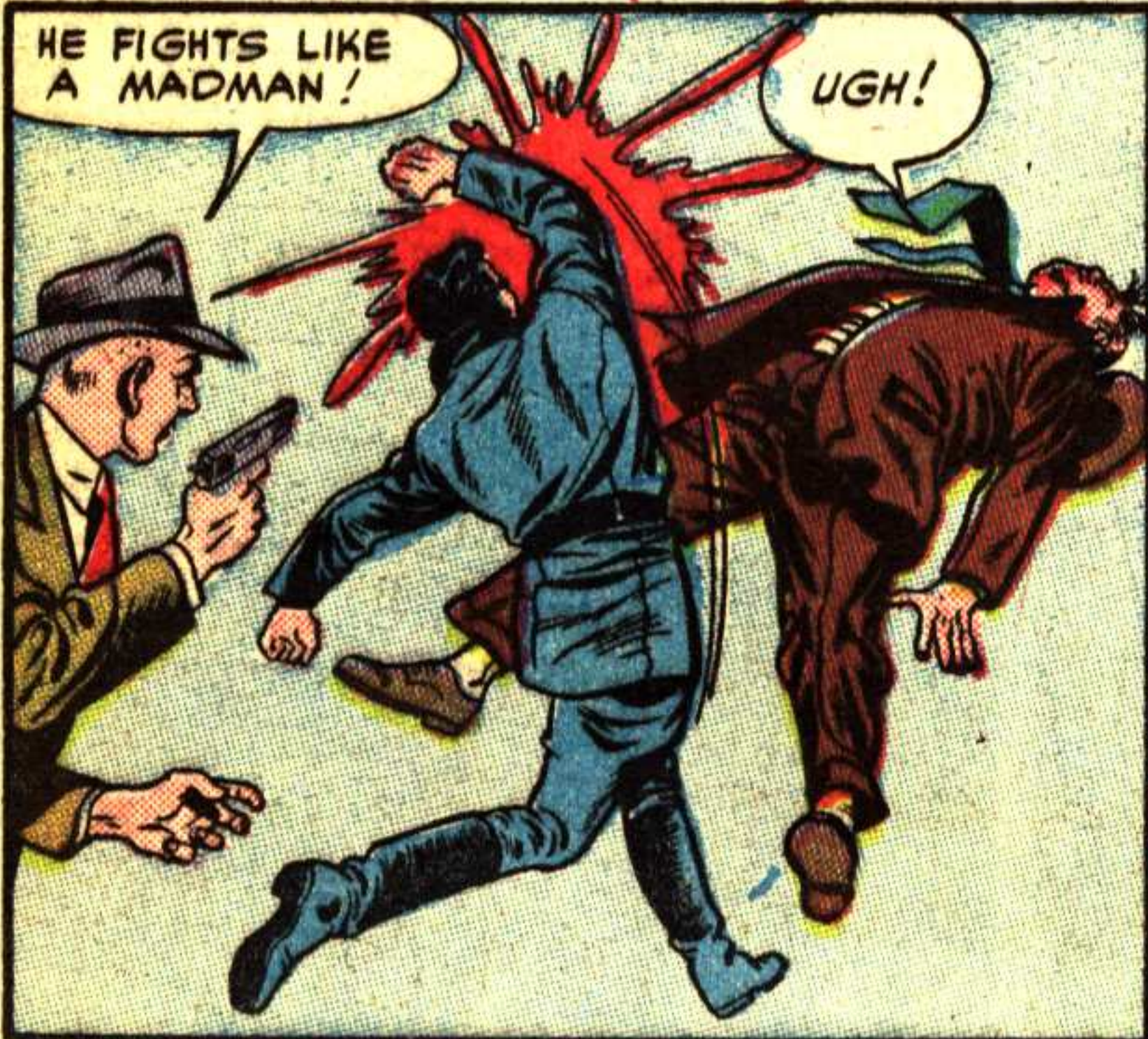




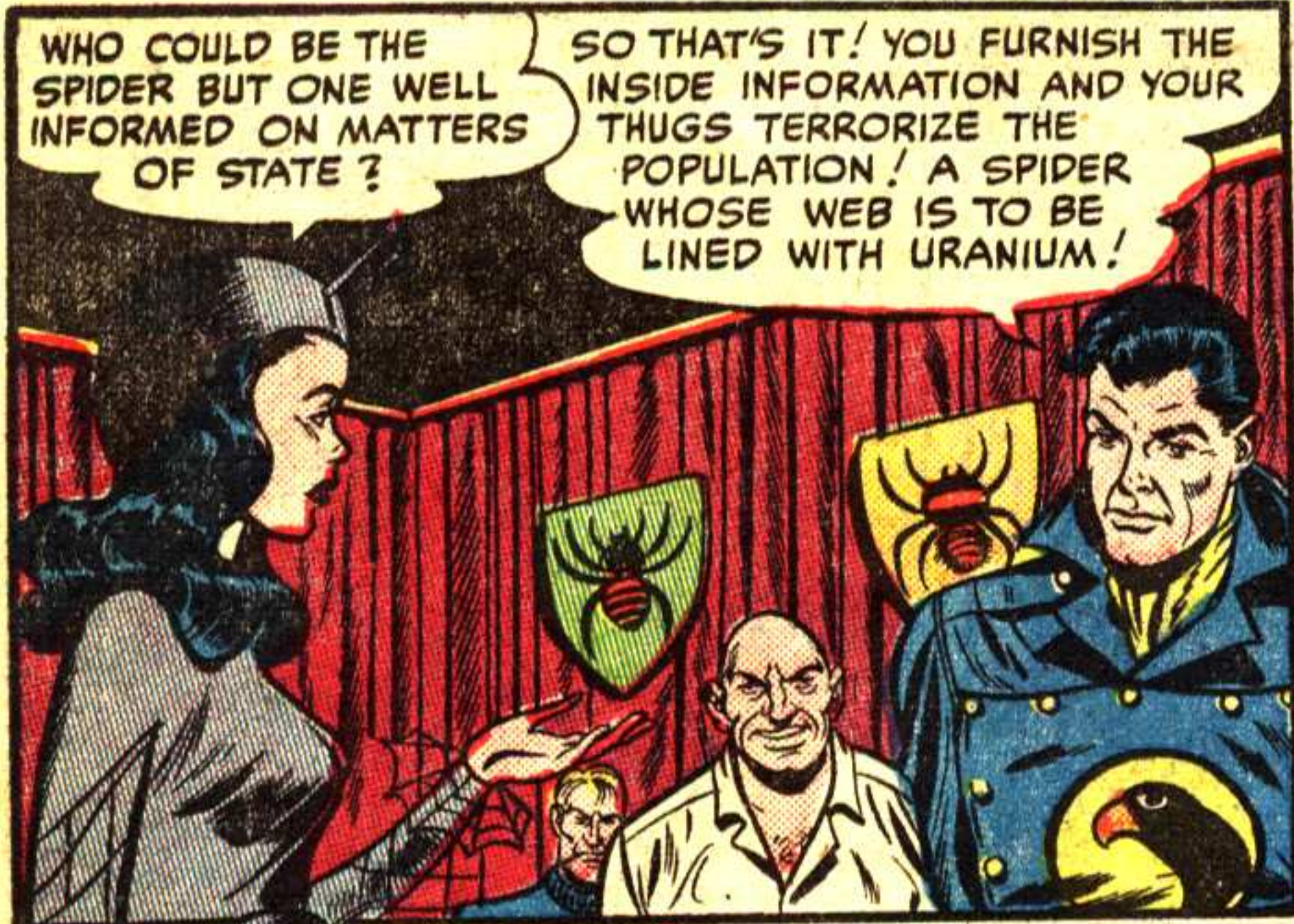
BLACKHAWK



BLACKHAWK



As BLACK-HAWK FALLS BENEATH THE MERCILESS BLOW, INSTINCTIVELY HE CLICKS ON HIS BELT RADIO! LATER...



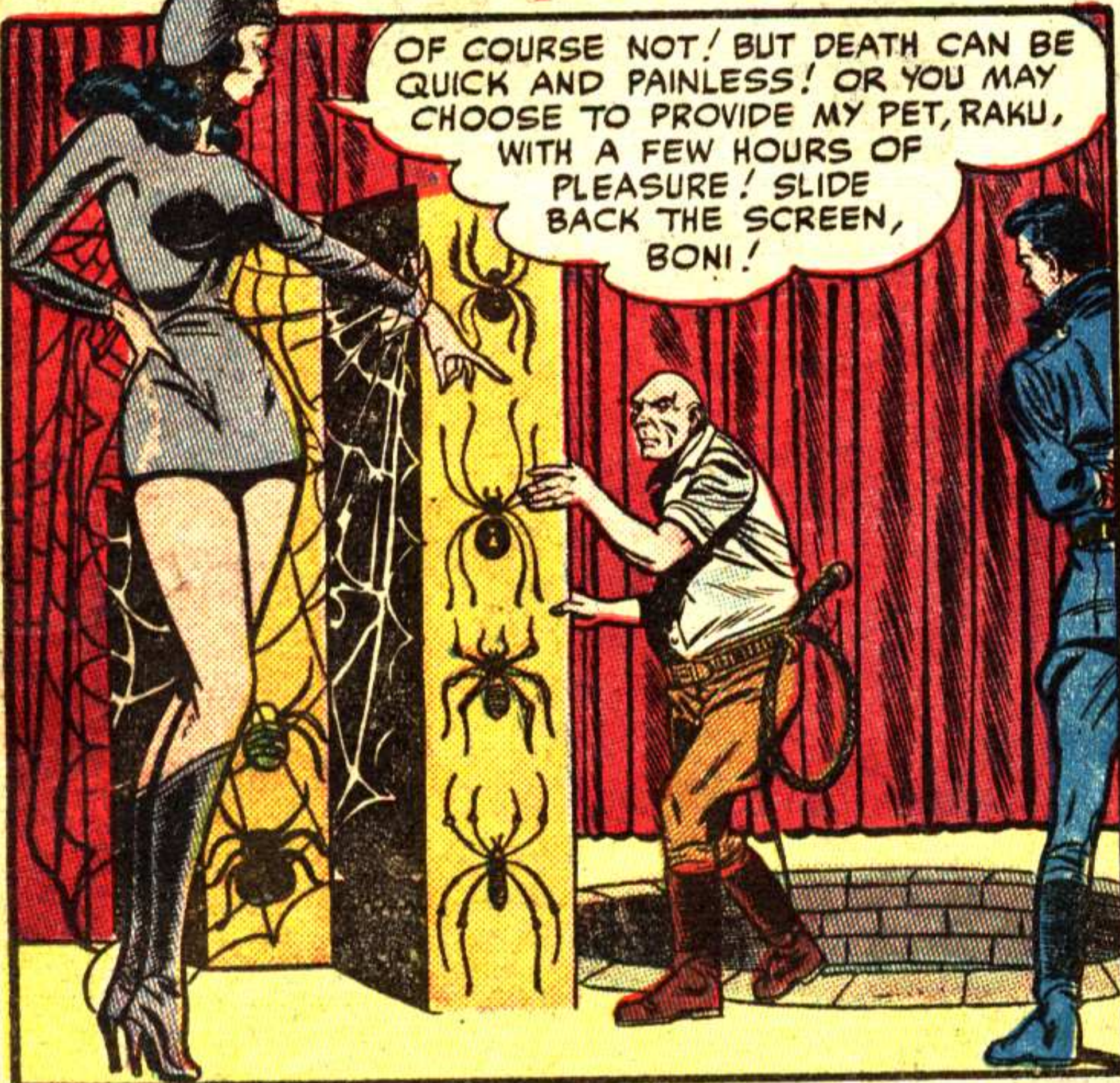
WHO COULD BE THE SPIDER BUT ONE WELL INFORMED ON MATTERS OF STATE?

SO THAT'S IT! YOU FURNISH THE INSIDE INFORMATION AND YOUR THUGS TERRORIZE THE POPULATION! A SPIDER WHOSE WEB IS TO BE LINED WITH URANIUM!



YOU ARE CLEVER, BLACKHAWK! SEE HOW BRILLIANTLY YOU CHOOSE BETWEEN THE TWO FATES I HAVE CHOSEN FOR YOU!

ANYTHING YOU'VE LINED UP WOULDN'T INTEREST ME!



OF COURSE NOT! BUT DEATH CAN BE QUICK AND PAINLESS! OR YOU MAY CHOOSE TO PROVIDE MY PET, RAKU, WITH A FEW HOURS OF PLEASURE! SLIDE BACK THE SCREEN, BONI!



IT'S FANTASTIC!



A RATHER DISTRESSING WAY TO DIE, BLACKHAWK! BUT YOU WILL BE SPARED THIS AGONY IF YOU ASSIST ME IN RIDDING MYSELF OF... OTHER ENEMIES! THE REMAINING BLACKHAWKS!

YOU'RE INSANE!



THIS INSTRUMENT WE FOUND ON YOUR BELT! USE IT TO LURE THEM HERE TO THE SILVER WEB INN... AND YOU DIE IN PEACE!

YOU'RE TALKING TO THE WRONG MAN!



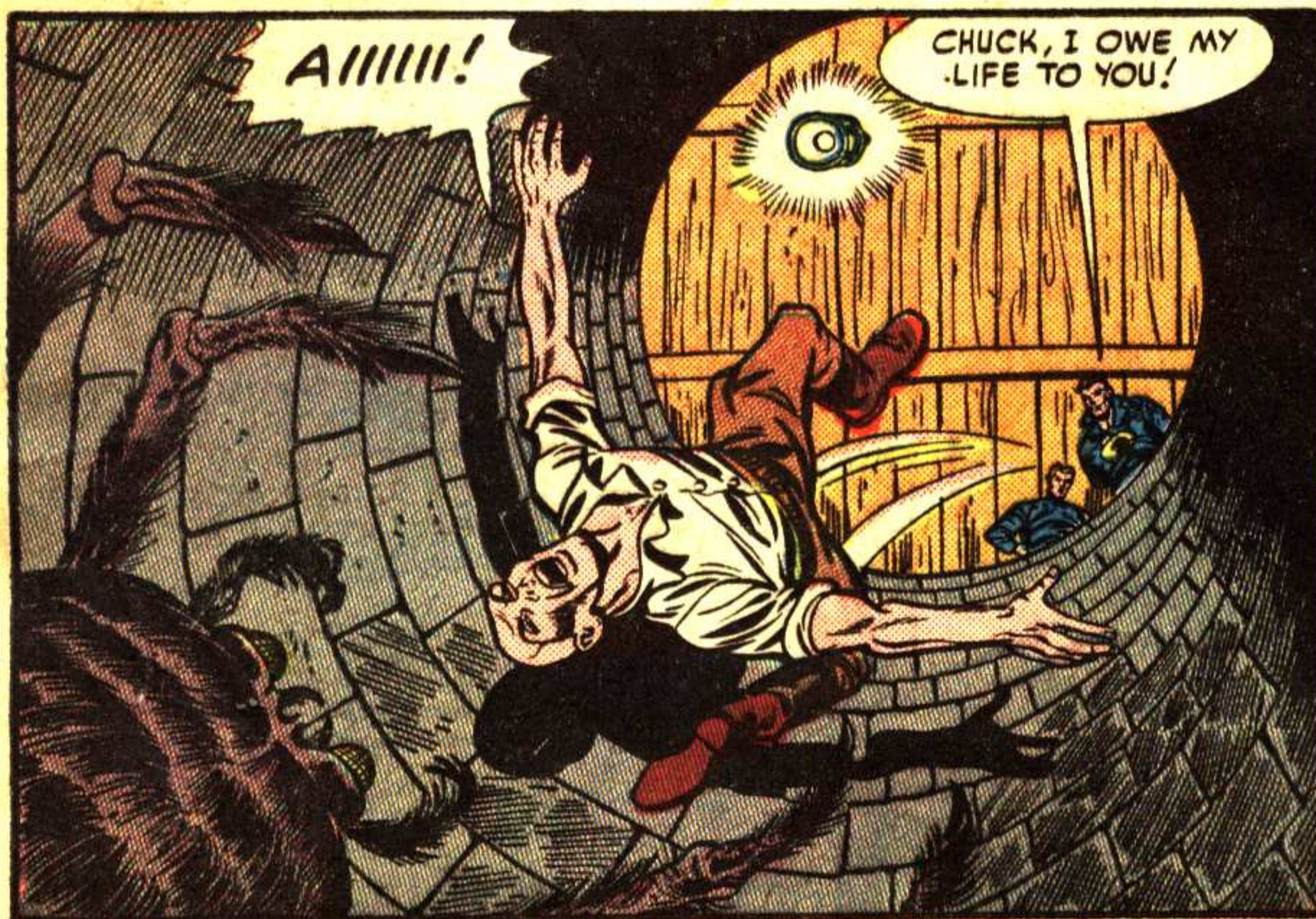
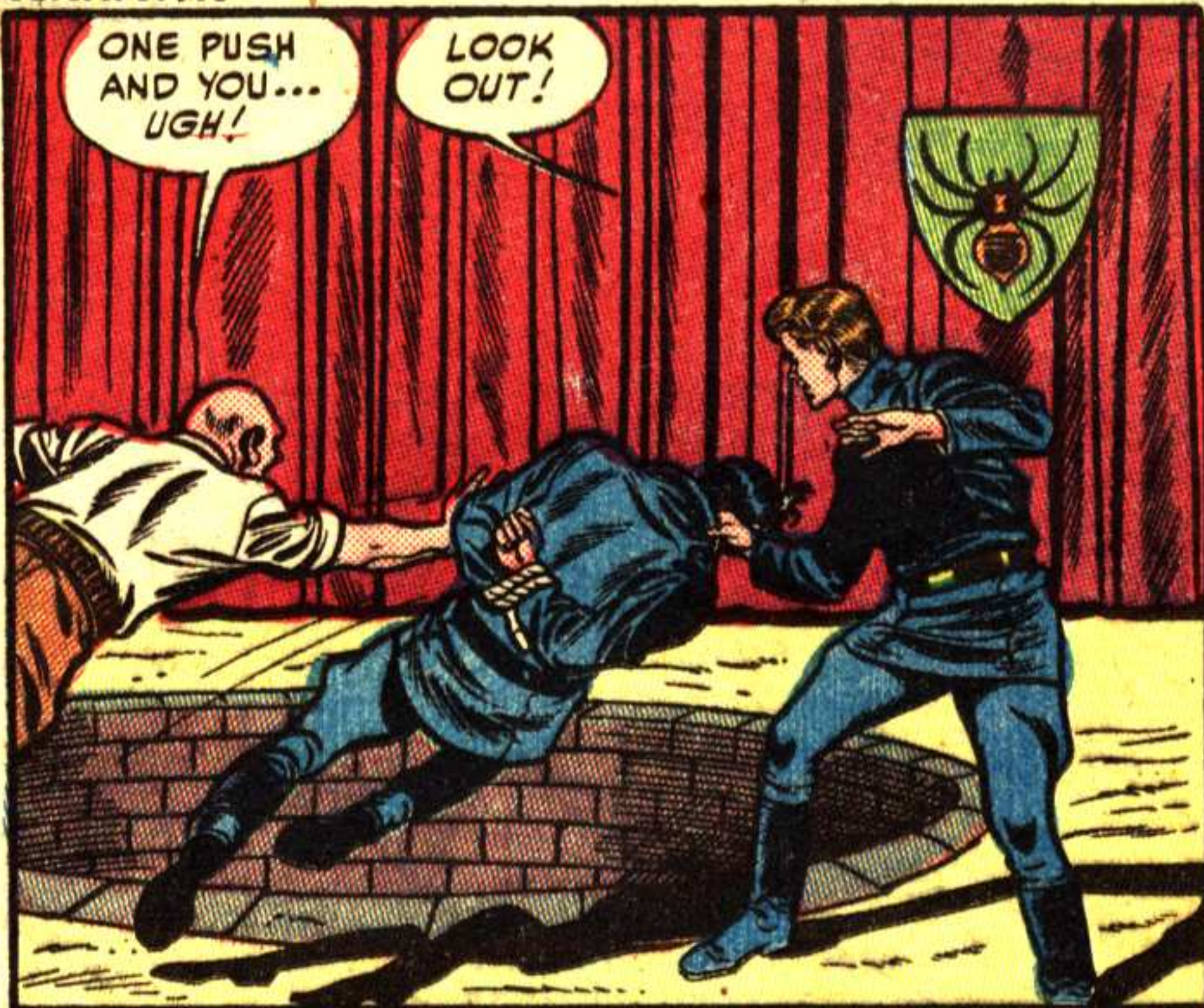
CHANGE HIS MIND, BONI!

MY BELT RADIO HAS BEEN ON SINCE I CAME, BUT THEY DON'T KNOW IT! IF ANDRE OR THE OTHERS HEARD THAT ADDRESS, THEY'LL BE HERE... WHEN THEY AREN'T EXPECTED!

BLACKHAWK



BLACKHAWK



BLACKHAWK

THE ASSASSIN



THE crime was murder. Stanley Marsyk was paid handsomely by the representatives of the dictatorship to see the man from the free powers never reached home. He was contacted while he idled in a Paris cafe. It was all done in cloak and dagger fashion. Two men slipped into the chairs at his table. At first, Stanley thought his lurid past was catching up with him. Was it the two thugs he had left holding the bag after the jewelry theft in New York? Or old friends from the dim years gone by in Budapest? These questions skipped across his mind as the man in the homburg drew a leather folder from his coat pocket. He flashed it briefly, identifying himself as an important man with the secret police of his dictator country.

"We know you are a man without honor, Stanley Marsyk," he began. Stanley raised an eyebrow. "Please, sir, I'm a sensitive man, and a business man. So let us get to the business quickly." It didn't take long. They acquainted him with the diplomat's habits... his early morning stroll, his walk in the garden after dinner, the clubs he frequented, his diplomatic friends. They gave him a time limit, forty-eight hours. And they gave him half the money in advance. It was in an envelope, slipped into his pocket as the men rose to leave. "If the amount isn't correct, gentlemen," smiled Stanley, "the job won't be done. And with my extensive knowledge of the world and its hiding places, you'll have a difficult time seeking me out." The agents looked at him blankly. "The amount is correct," said the man in the homburg. "Do the job within the stated time and the other half will be in your clean laundry when it is returned to you in two days." And they left.

Stanley toyed with his coffee and fell to thinking about the time, the place, and the method. "Ah, yes, the method," he mused. It should be silent and surreptitious, nothing loud and vulgar, no guns, no auto accident. He decided to use a knife. Stanley prided himself on his skill with a knife. The time would be evening, the after-dinner stroll in the garden.

Back in his dingy room, Stanley Marsyk counted the money eagerly. It was all there, fine crisp bills. He was determined to do the job that very evening. "I'll get it over with and then sit back and wait for my laundry," he said aloud. Stanley hauled an old trunk out from under the bed. He opened the top to display a knife rack containing every type of knife imaginable. He looked at them lovingly before he selected a wicked looking dagger. Its short handle was intricately carved, bearing a far east motif. Stanley put on a pair of gloves and carefully wiped the knife with a clean cloth before slipping it into his belt and closing his jacket over it. He donned a beret and started downstairs humming a gay, little tune as he went.

A short while later, he was bicycling out of the city. It was dark when he reached the area of

the great estates, but Stanley had no difficulty in locating the home where the diplomat was staying. He hid the bicycle in the masses of shrubbery near the rear gate and then he scaled the protecting wall covered with vines, and dropped like a cat into the vast gardens that surrounded the big home. Stanley Marsyk crept silently towards the house. The large windows were open onto the terrace and from where he was hidden, he could see several people gathered in the room, having after-dinner coffee. A gentleman rose from the group, excused himself, and headed for the terrace. Stanley melted into the landscaping.

The next morning, the world was electrified by the news. Stanley sat in his favorite cafe sipping coffee and reading the newspapers. The story of the assassination blazed on every front page. Authorities were mystified. The knife was a common type, sold in every curio shop in the far east. No fingerprints, no cars were around, no one was seen near the estate. The noble career of a great man had come to a tragic end. Stanley shrugged as he read of the sadness this man's death had brought. Then he paid his check with a large bill, and waited for his change. The waiter was visibly impressed. Stanley gave him a small tip. "It isn't often one sells a painting these days," he smiled at the waiter who nodded understandingly. Paris was full of starving artists who made an occasional sale.

The laundry came back and the money came with it. Stanley then left his small room and took a suite at the large hotel. For weeks he lived in luxury and then he made plans for a world tour. They picked him up as he was about to board the train.

He was hauled like a common criminal to the dim police building. "What is the offense?" he asked indignantly. The official replied, "You have been passing counterfeit bills. You even deposited counterfeit money in your bank. You must be mad!" Stanley went white. He was put in a cell and a few hours later, he was taken out and led back to the police official. He carefully explained to Stanley Marsyk that he was to be extradited to the dictator's country. That country claimed him as a citizen and claimed also that he was the leader of a counterfeiting group which had been located in their country. He was to be shipped there for punishment. Stanley thought wildly. His passport was forged, he had no proof that he was not a citizen of the dictatorship. He had no proof of his real identity. He was trapped.

Hysterically he screamed out the story of the diplomat's assassination. They wouldn't believe him. The waiter in the cafe testified that he was there that very evening and he had passed a counterfeit bill then. "Lies! Lies!" shrieked Stanley. He was still shouting when they came for him.

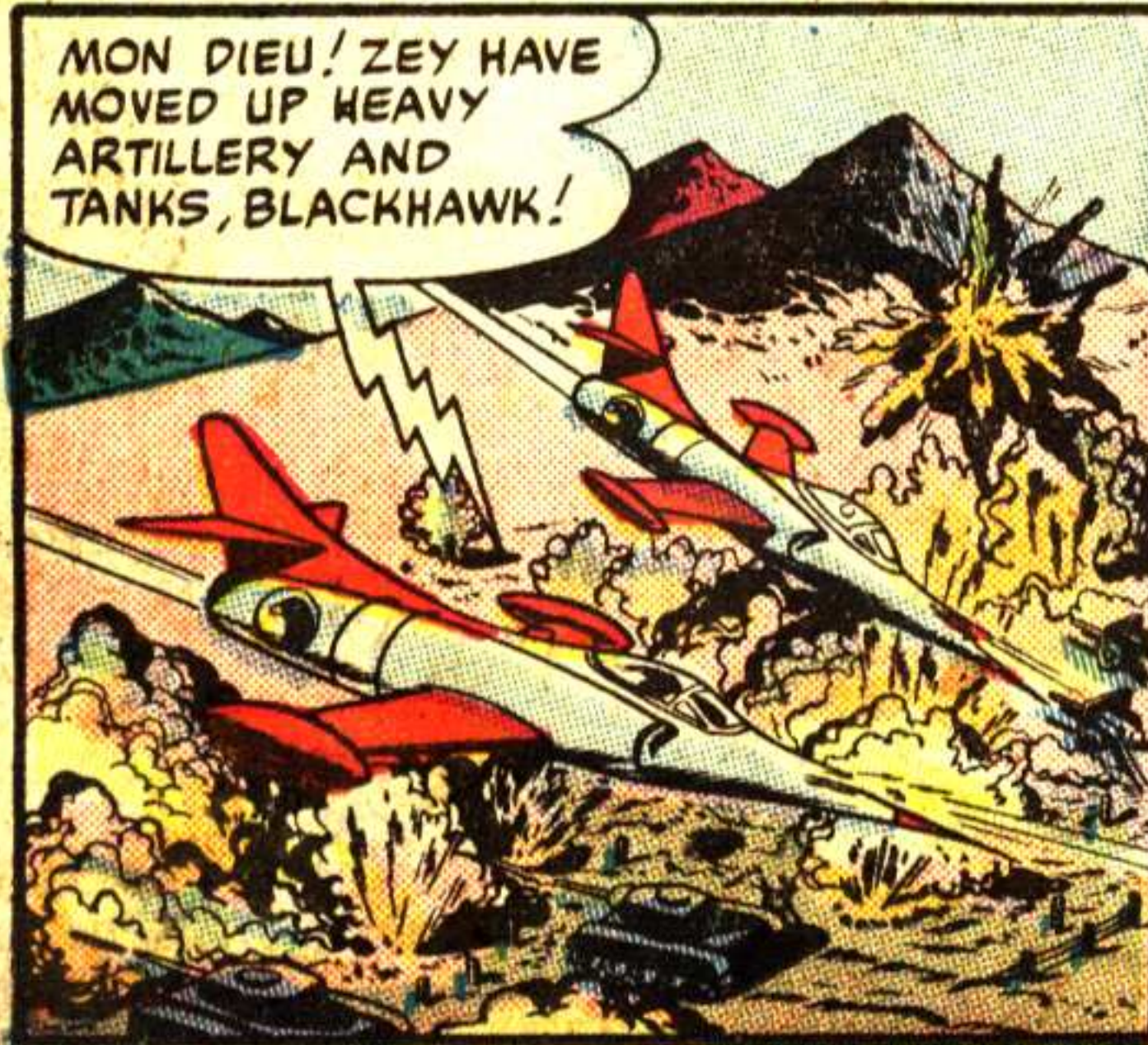
Blackhawk

A SMALL ATOLL, WITH A LAGOON SURROUNDED BY REEFS! HERE CAME THE BLACKHAWKS TO MAKE THE MOST GLORIOUS BATTLE OF THEIR PERIL-PACKED CAREERS! FOR EACH BLACKHAWK KNEW THAT THERE COULD BE ONLY ONE FINISH TO THEIR SAGA OF HEROISM ... AND THAT WAS **DEATH!** THIS TINY ISLAND MARKS THE END OF THE DANGER TRAIL THE BLACKHAWKS HAVE BLAZED ACROSS EVERY CONTINENT! AND THE BLACKHAWKS ARE DESTINED TO MAKE THEIR

LAST STAND ON SUICIDE ISLAND!



HEDGE-
HOPPING
OVER THE
BATTLEFRONT,
THE BLACK-
HAWKS
POUR A
DEVASTATING
FIRE
INTO
ENEMY
LINES!



MON DIEU! ZEY HAVE
MOVED UP HEAVY
ARTILLERY AND
TANKS, BLACKHAWK!

YOU'RE RIGHT ANDRE!
THAT SPELLS A GENERAL
ATTACK TO BE LAUNCHED
ANY HOUR! I'D
BETTER WARN
HEADQUARTERS
AT ONCE!



BLACKHAWK

THE
NEXT
DAY, AN
URGENT
SUMMONS
BRINGS
THE
BLACK-
HAWKS
TO
MILITARY
HEAD-
QUARTERS!

THE ENEMY JUMPED OFF
YESTERDAY! THANKS TO
YOUR WARNING, WE WERE
ABLE TO PULL BACK OUR
TROOPS WITHOUT HEAVY
DAMAGE BEING INFLICTED
UPON US! BUT WE'RE IN
REAL TROUBLE ON
ORINARY ISLAND,
BLACKHAWK!



WE EVACUATED ALL OUR
TROOPS BY SEA! BUT NOW
WE DISCOVER THAT THERE'S
AN EXTREMELY VALUABLE
PIECE OF MILITARY
EQUIPMENT STILL ON
THE ISLAND!

WHAT'S
THAT,
SIR?



A CANNON...WHOSE FIRE IS
GUIDED BY RADAR SO THAT
ITS ACCURACY SURPASSES
ALL PREVIOUSLY KNOWN
ARTILLERY WEAPONS! IF THE
ENEMY GETS HIS HANDS ON
THAT CANNON, THEY MAY
END OUR SUPREMACY IN
THE AIR!



WE NEED VOLUNTEERS TO
GO ASHORE AND GET THE
RADAR CANNON! WE KNOW
THE ENEMY HASN'T LANDED
HIS TROOPS THERE YET, SO
A SMALL GROUP OF MEN
MIGHT BE ABLE TO SNEAK
ASHORE!

WE'LL TAKE
THE JOB,
SIR!



IF YOU CAN'T GET OFF THE
ISLAND, THEN THE RADAR
CANNON MUST BE
DESTROYED! YOU
UNDERSTAND?

PERFECTLY,
SIR!

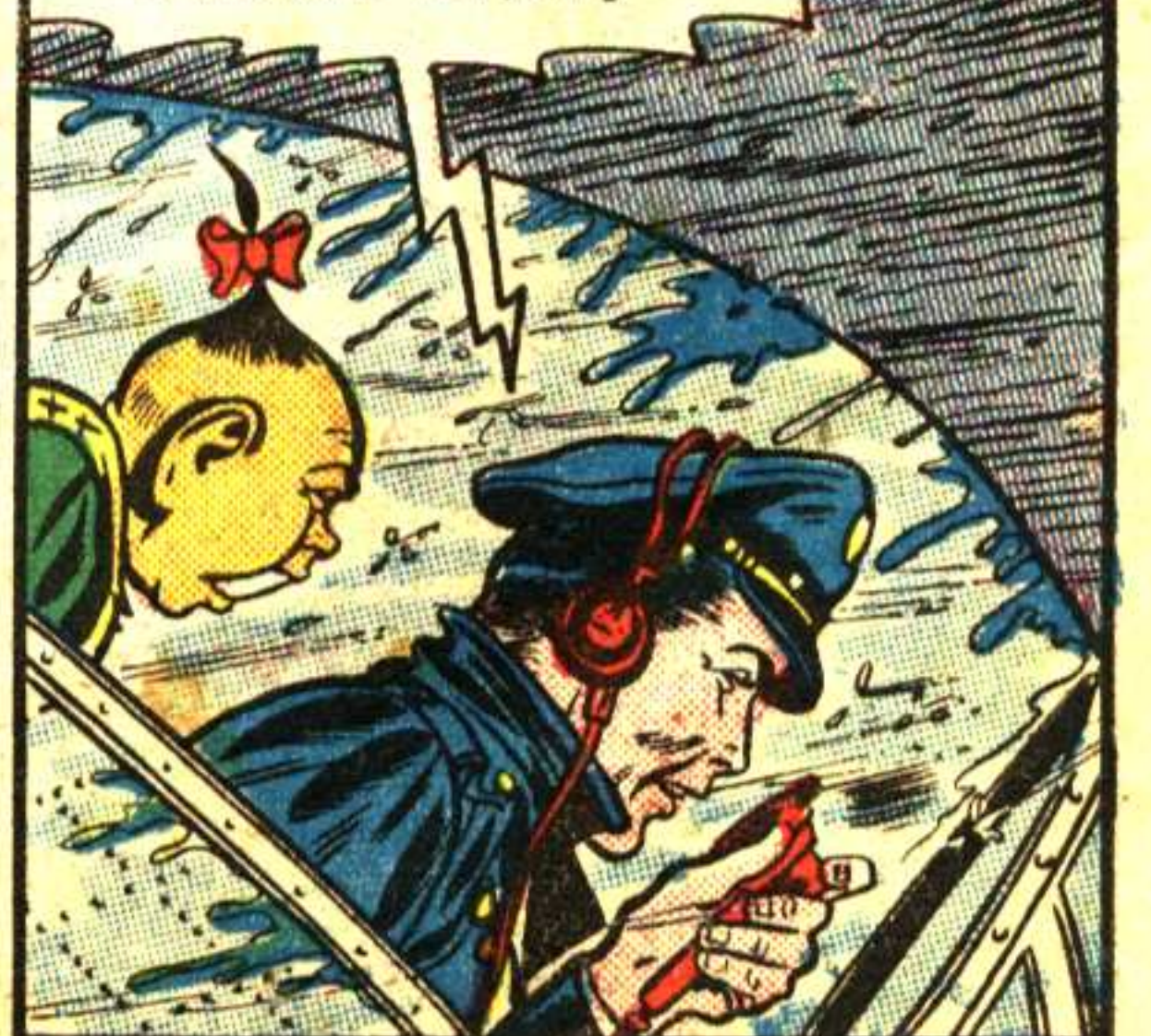


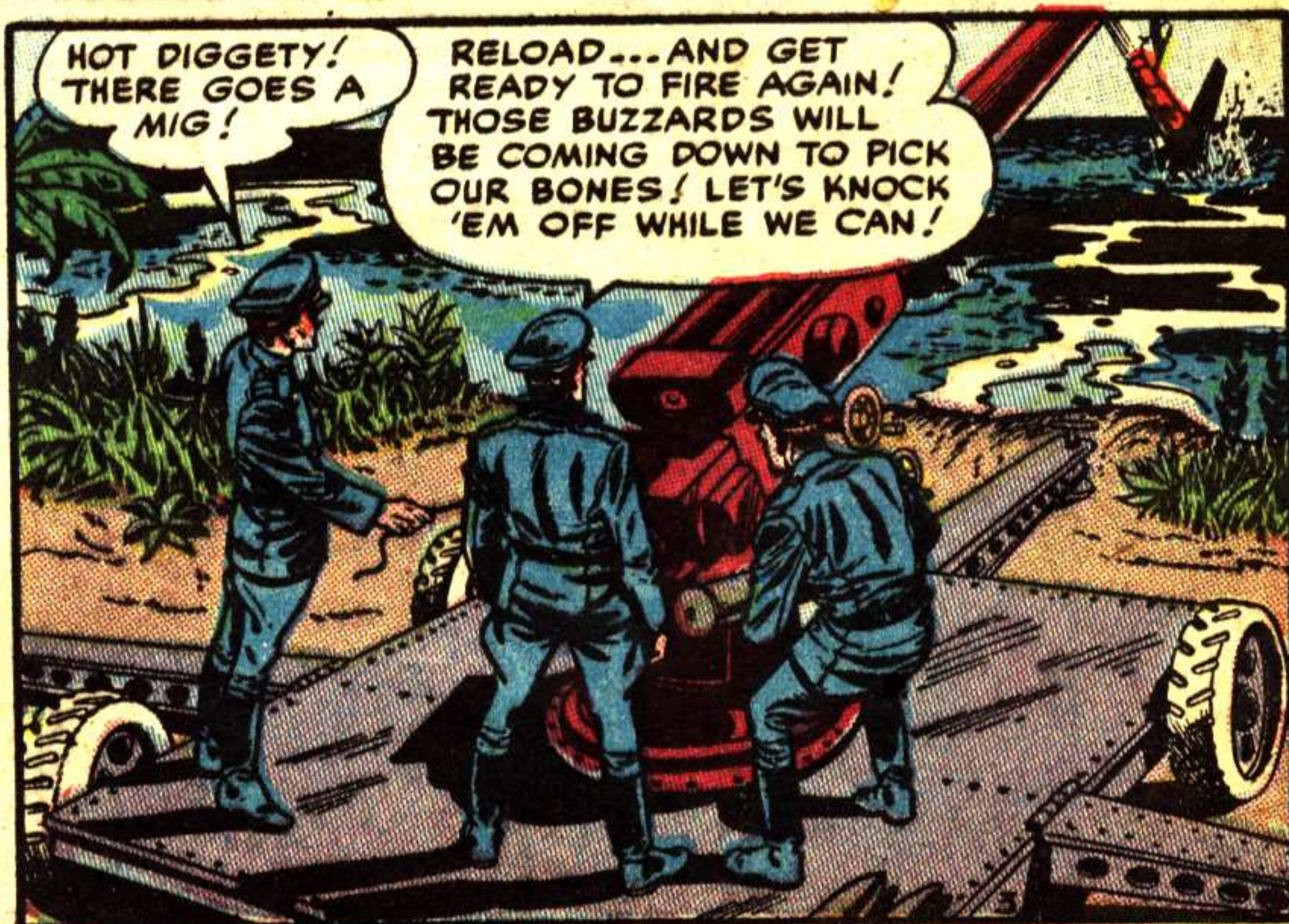
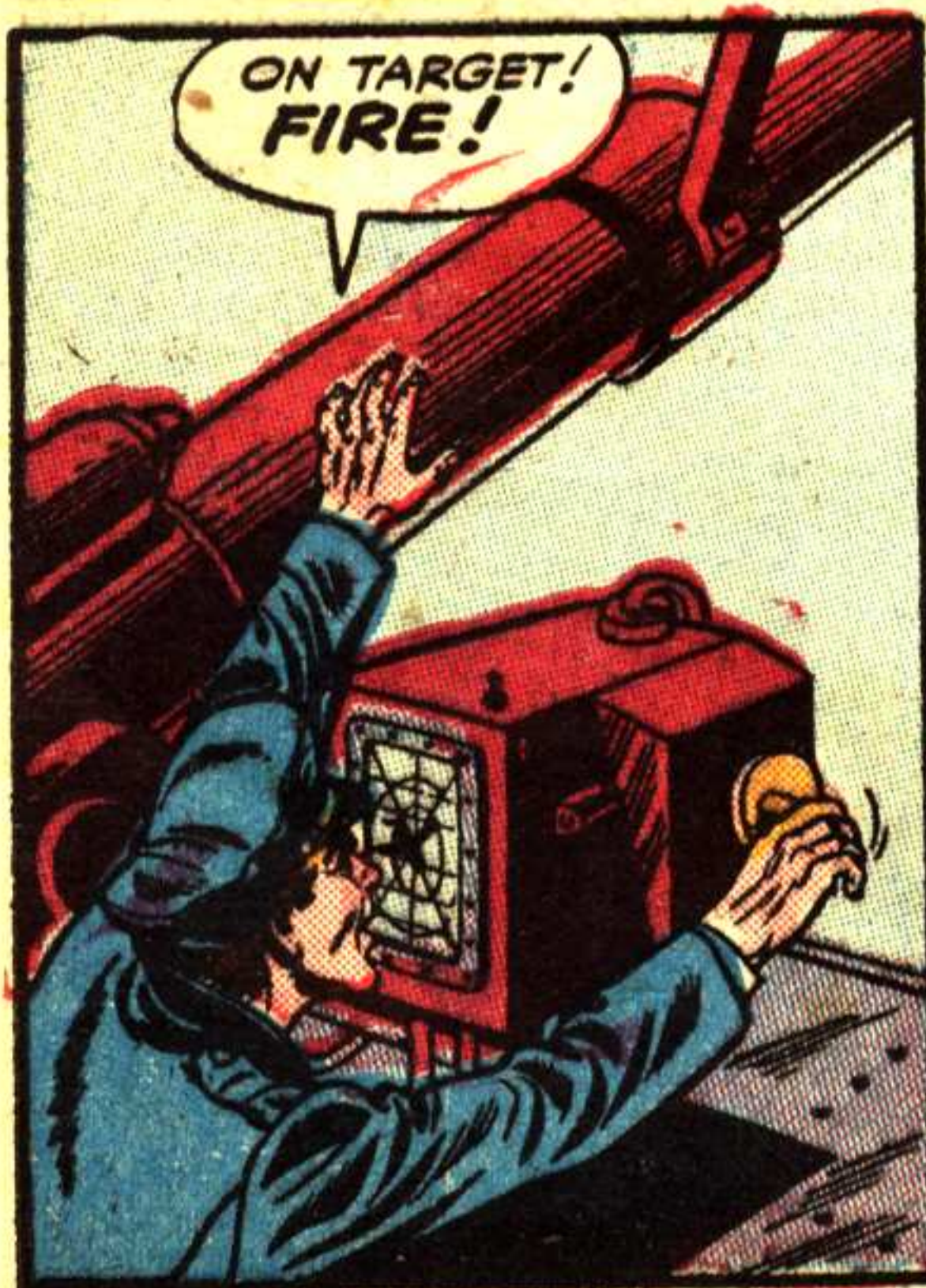
A
SHORT
WHILE
LATER
THE
BLACKHAWK
PLANES
DRIVE
THROUGH
A PELTING
THUNDER-
STORM
TOWARD
ORINARY
ISLAND!



PY YIMINY! AY BAN
NEVER SEE VORSE
FLYING WEATHER!

DON'T COMPLAIN, OLAF! THIS
CEILING ZERO IS HELPING US
GET IN WITHOUT BEING
OBSERVED! WHEN WE LAND,
CAMOUFLAGE THE PLANES
AND GET THEM OFF THE
LANDING STRIP!





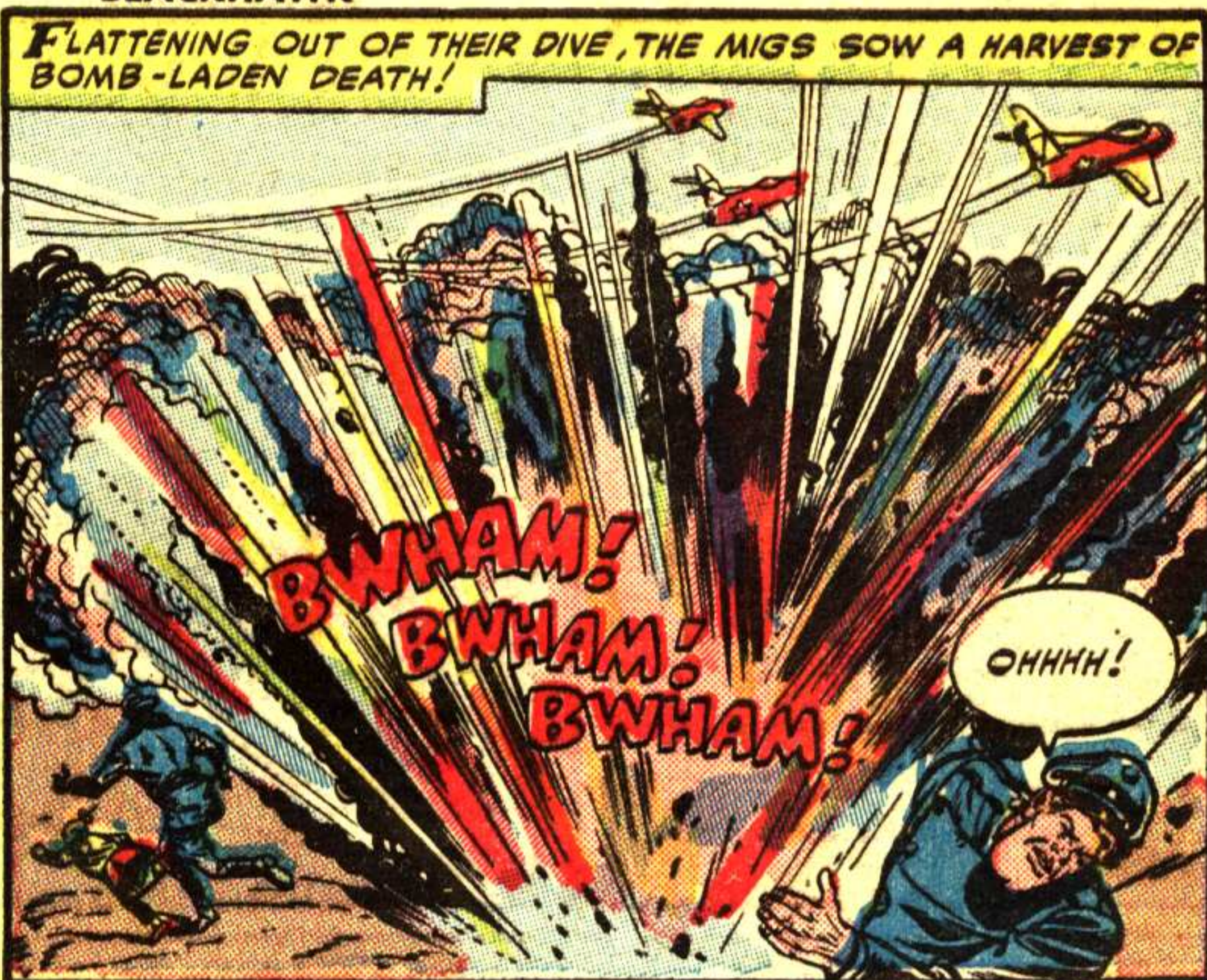
BLACKHAWK



WE GOT ANOTHER!

BUT HERE THEY COME! SCATTER!

FLATTENING OUT OF THEIR DIVE, THE MIGS SOW A HARVEST OF BOMB-LADEN DEATH!



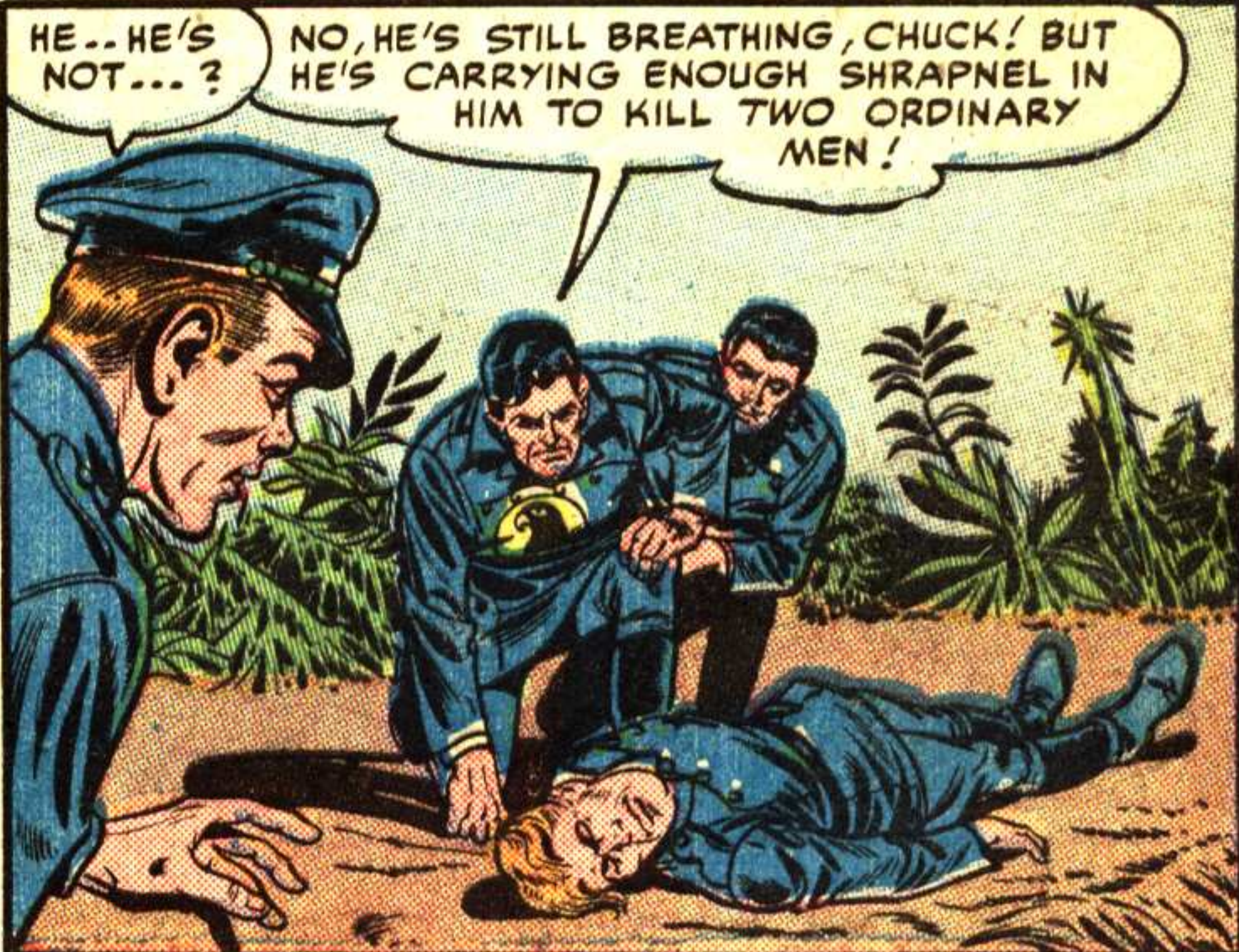
BWHAM!
BWHAM!
BWHAM!

OHhhh!



WHE-EW! I THOUGHT THEY'D NEVER GO AWAY!

NOM DE NOM! OLAF IS HURT... VEREE BAD!



HE.. HE'S NOT... ?

NO, HE'S STILL BREATHING, CHUCK! BUT HE'S CARRYING ENOUGH SHRAPNEL IN HIM TO KILL TWO ORDINARY MEN!



WE'LL HAVE TO DESTROY THE RADAR CANNON, AND CLEAR OUT OF HERE! OLAF WILL DIE UNLESS WE GET HIM TO SURGERY!

DEN I'M AFRAID HE IS LOST, BLACKHAWK!



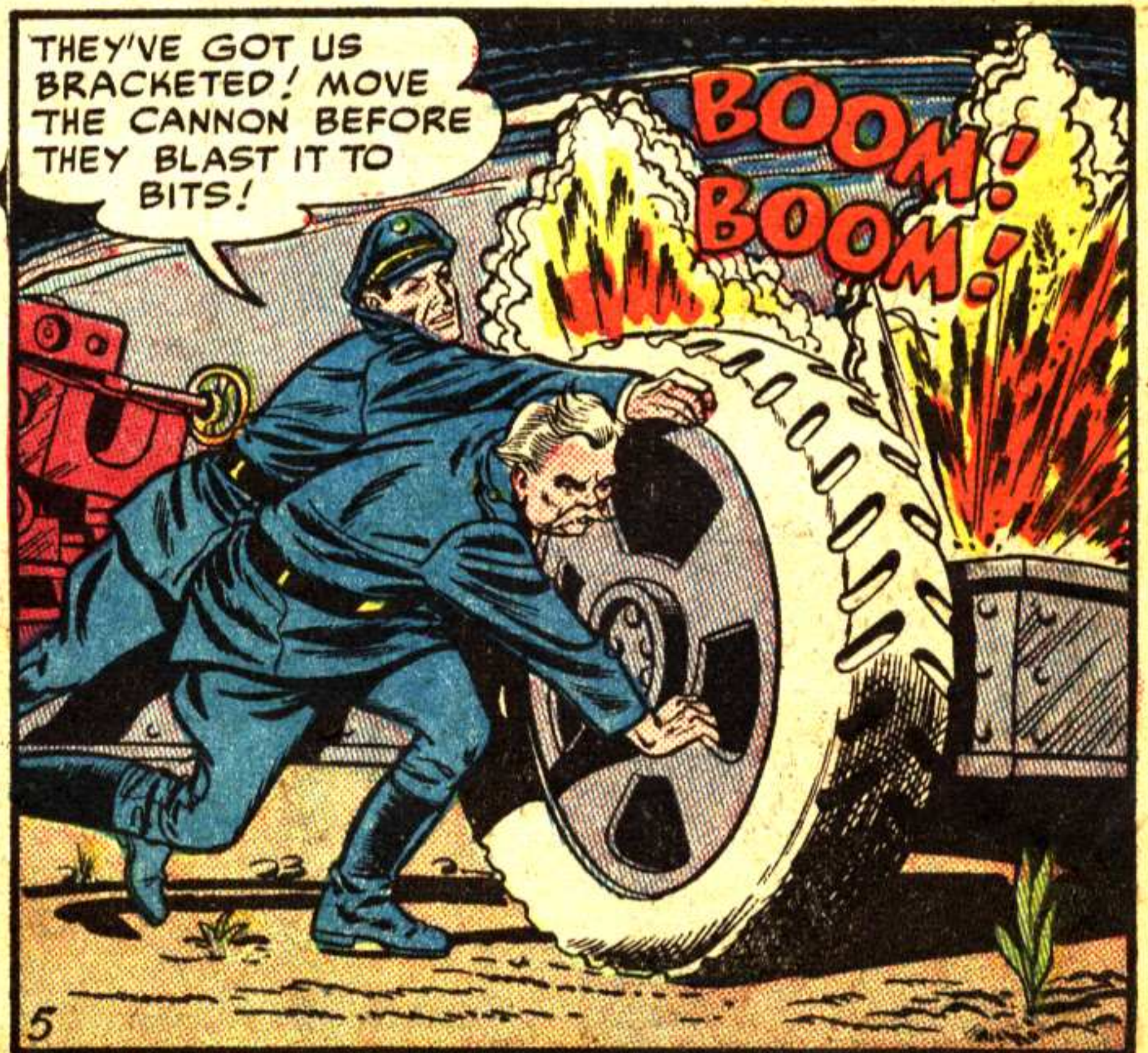
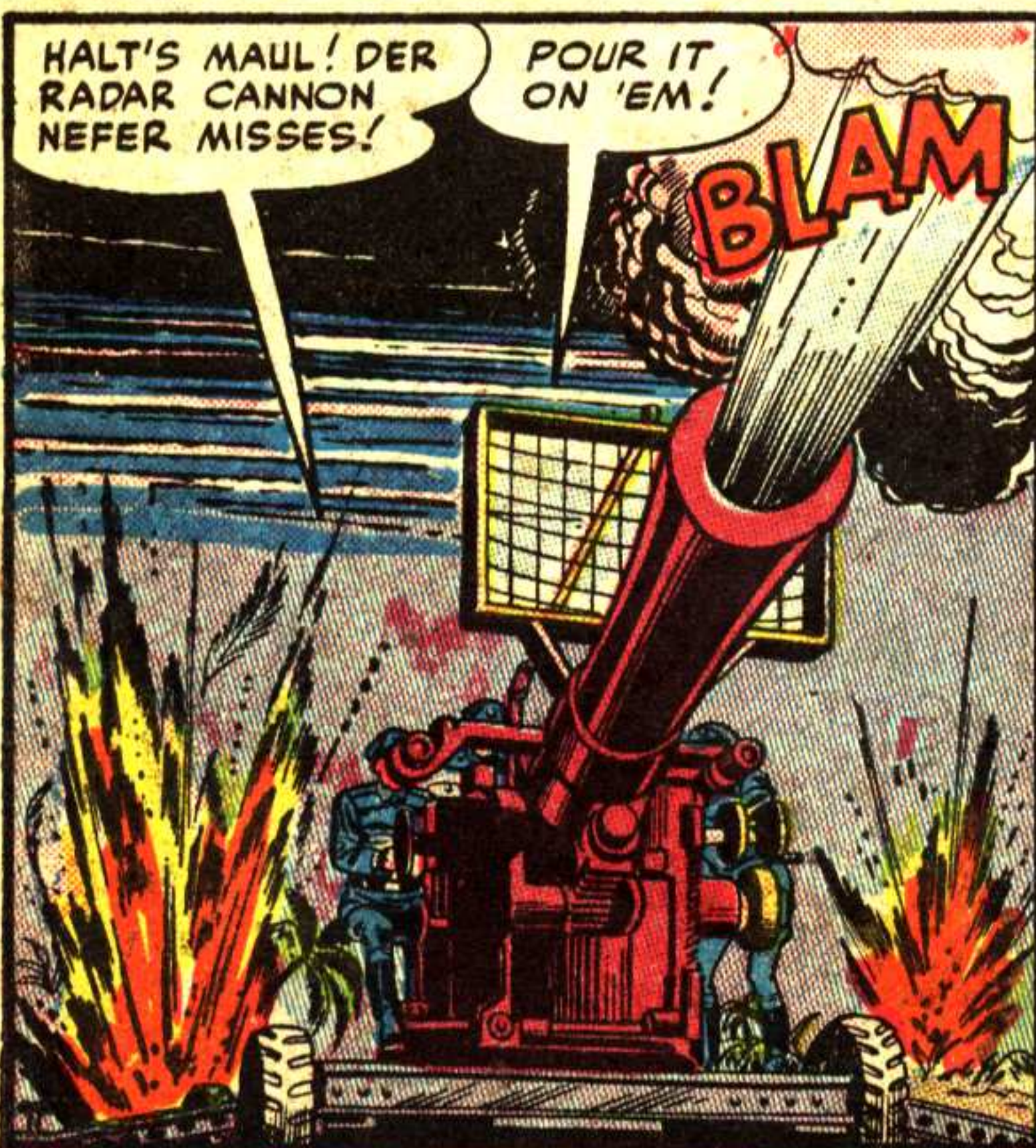
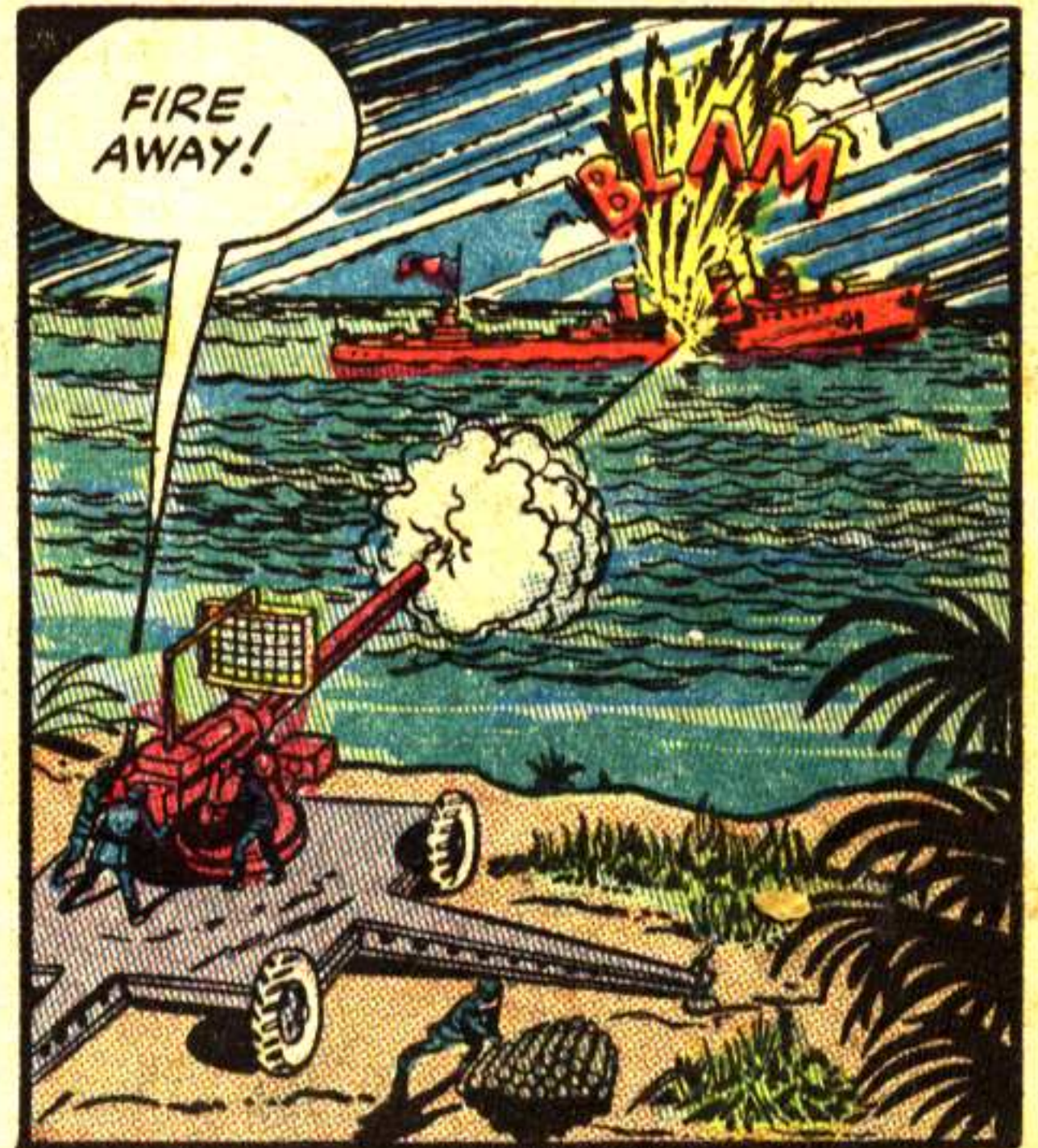
SEE DOT! DOSE MIGS STRAFED DER WOODS WHERE IS HIDDEN OUR PLANES! DEY ARE GOING UP IN FLAMES!

WE'RE STRANDED HERE ON THE ISLAND!



STANISLAUS WAS WOUNDED ON THAT MIG RAID TOO!

THIS IS IT, GANG! NO USE IN BLINKING THE FACTS! WE'RE NEVER GOING TO LEAVE ORINARY ISLAND...ALIVE!



BLACKHAWK



ME GO GET
SHELLS FLO
SHOOTING!

HEAR THAT?
HIT THE
GROUND!

WHREEEEEEEE!



BARAMM!



DER SHELLS!
DEY ARE
GONE!

CHOP CHOP! HE
WAS RUNNING
STRAIGHT TOWARD
IT WHEN THOSE
SHELLS WENT
OFF!



HE MAY BE
DEAD!

BLACKHAWK! TWO LANDING
BARGES CAME THROUGH THE
LAGOON! LOADED TO THE
GUNWALES WITH ENEMY
TROOPS!



ANDRE, YOU STAND GUARD
BY THE RADAR CANNON!
SET DYNAMITE CHARGES!
WHEN YOU SIGHT THE ENEMY
BLOW THE RADAR CANNON
SKY HIGH!

WHAT ARE YOU
GOING TO DO,
MON AMI?



I'M GOING TO GREET
THOSE TROOPS AS THEY
COME ASHORE! I'VE GOT
A DEBT TO SETTLE!



WE CAN'T MISS
AT THIS
RANGE!

YAAGHH!

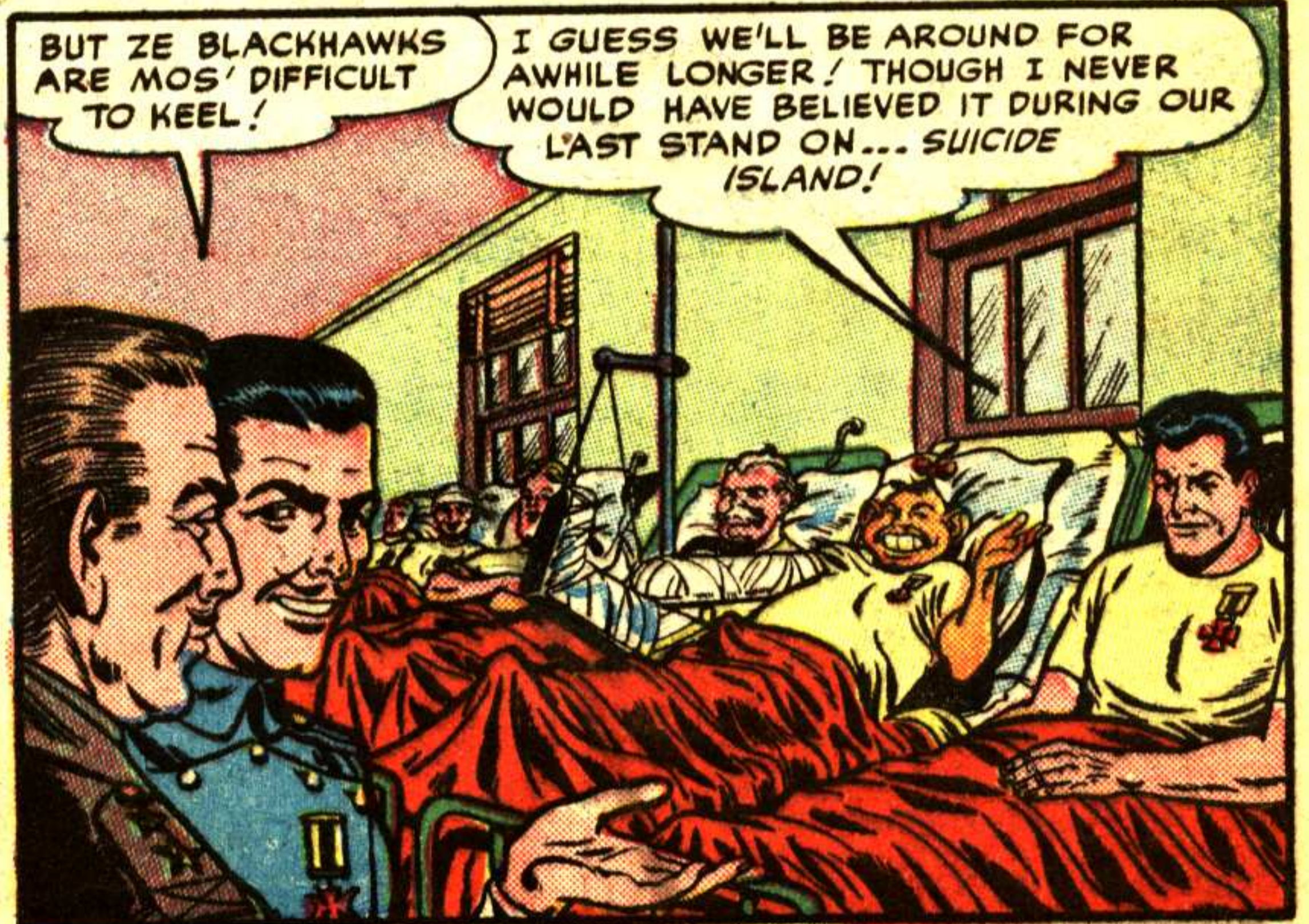
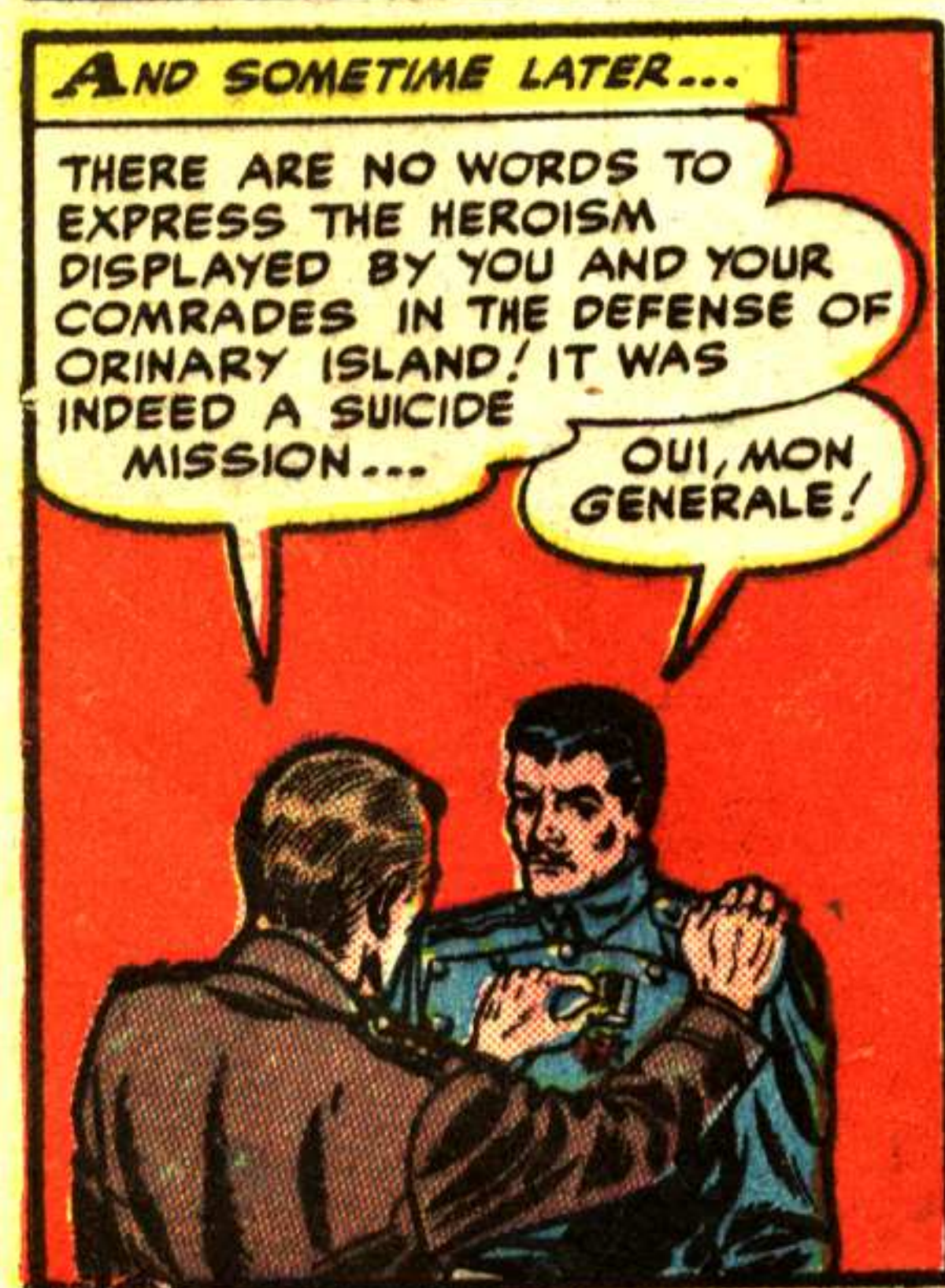
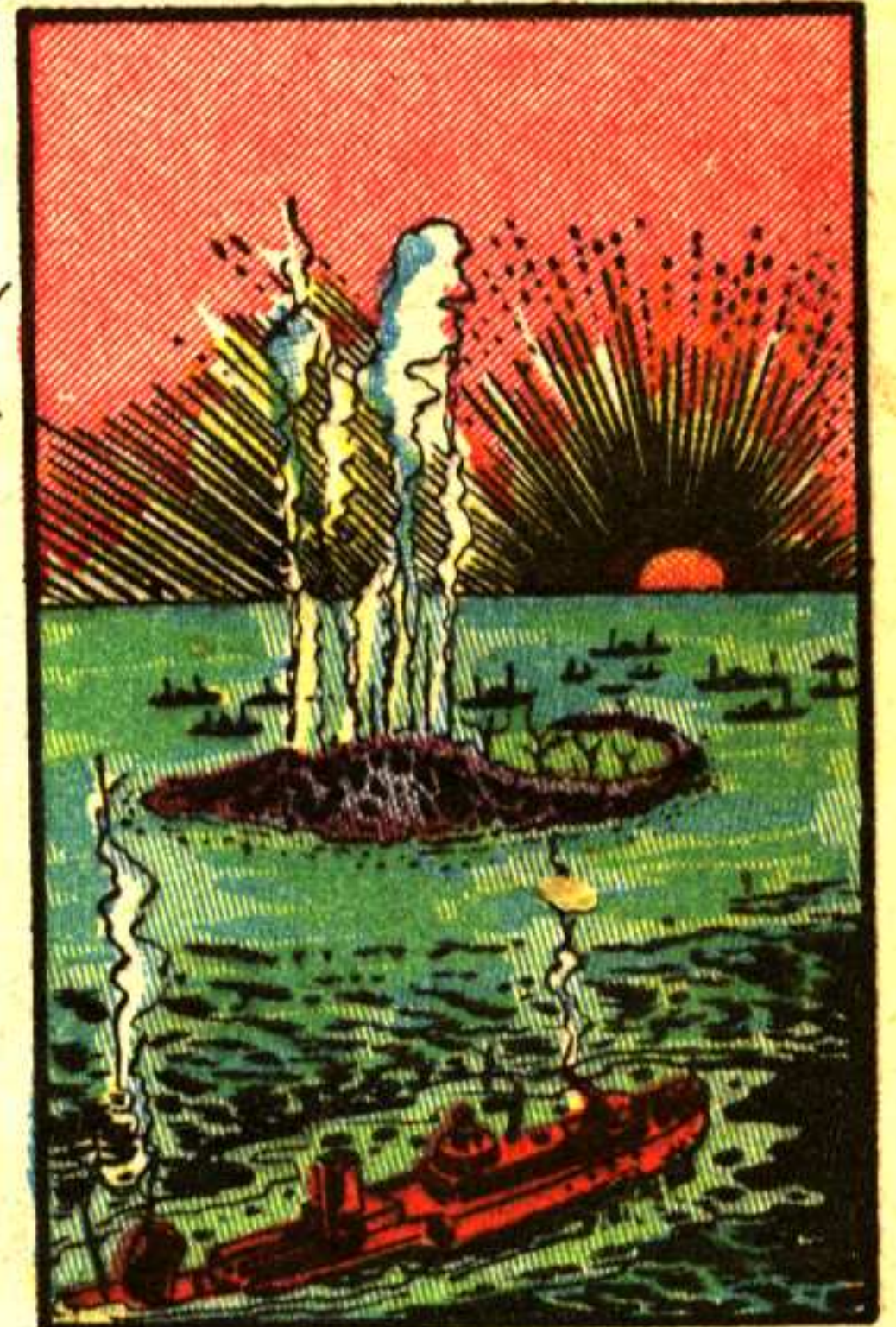
CHARGE...
UHHHH!

BIAM

BLACKHAWK



CLOSE BEHIND THE ATTACKING SABRE-JETS, THE ALLIED SOLDIERS POUR ASHORE IN A VICTORIOUS COUNTER-ATTACK! AND BEFORE THE SUN SETS, THE ENEMY TROOPS ARE IN FULL RETREAT FROM ORINARY ISLAND!



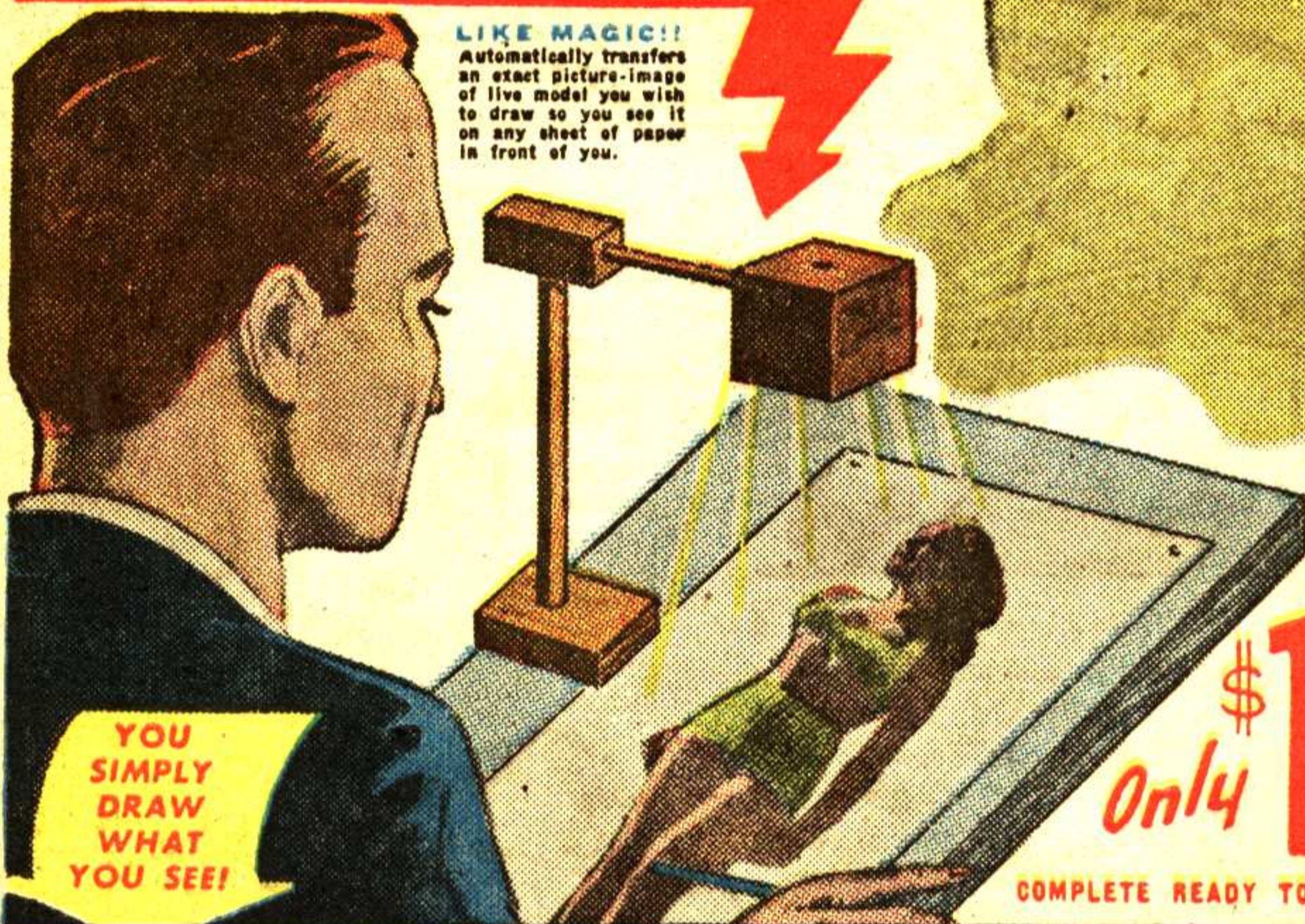
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